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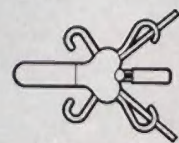
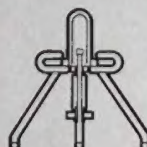
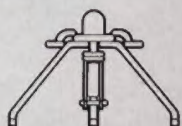
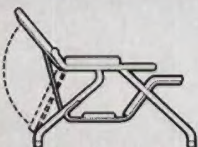
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HUSTLER JANUARY 1979 VOL. 5 NO. 7

U.S. subscriptions \$19.50 for one year. Foreign \$25.50.
Direct subscription correspondence to HUSTLER Magazine,
P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216.
Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at
additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.



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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



We're Not for Sale!

In many ways 1978 has been the most eventful year in HUSTLER's history—a year of changes and traumas, development and maturity. In 1978 HUSTLER truly came of age.

Twelve months ago we moved the staff from our old, crowded offices in Columbus, Ohio, to the top of one of the tallest skyscrapers in Los Angeles. As any of you who've moved your business across the country can testify, that's enough of a change for anyone in one year.

Then nine months ago some poor, repressed asshole pumped two bullets into me in Georgia. I'm still recovering, slowly but surely, from that experience. And among the many ideas and feelings I've had since that March day, two thoughts have been uppermost in my mind. The first is this: Apparently, HUSTLER's message to America has been so horrifying and intimidating to certain segments of the population that it provoked an attempted murder.

What is this message? Does it comprise a Communist plot to destroy democracy and the American way of life? Is it a scientific master plan to subvert the American Constitution through brainwashing? Does it imply a call to arms for one race to wipe out another? No; our message is none of these. Aside from a constantly candid attitude toward sex, HUSTLER's original intent was to poke fun at the hypocrisies and inconsistencies of this country. We have never deviated from that intent, and our message is very simple: "Free yourself; love your neighbor; guard your rights as free men."

Of course, there are many ways to communicate a message like this. As an ordained minister, you could preach it from the pulpit. As a TV personality, you could build an act around it. As a college professor, you could lecture on it, or publish learned articles.

I'm none of these things. I'm simply a man from Kentucky who started an entertainment magazine a few years ago, and God blessed me with the opportunity and fortitude to make a success of it, for which I thank Him daily. Some people ask: "What's an entertainment magazine doing with a *message* in the first place? Doesn't 'entertain' mean just having a few laughs and passing the time?"

Well, that may be one meaning of the word, but it's only a partial one. If you look up *entertain* in the dictionary, you'll find it also says "to keep, hold or maintain in the mind," and you can hold a few laughs in your mind just so long before they start to get stale. HUSTLER will continue to provide the best in investigative, thought-provoking journalism—as well as the best in pink. And that's how we'll continue to *really* entertain you.

The second thought that's repeatedly crossed my mind during my convalescence is this: Too many important people in this country are *for sale*. And when a public figure allows himself to be *bought*, for whatever high price, then his credibility for the beliefs he espouses is sure to suffer.

We see this happen time and time again in two major areas of American life: advertising and politics. For instance, on

the West Coast most every night, John Wayne appears on television in his cowboy outfit, selling the public on a bank: Great Western Savings and Loan. What he doesn't tell you is that galloping inflation is going to eat up your interest faster than the bank can pay it out. But he's John Wayne—a powerful and popular figure—and whatever amount Great Western paid him to do the job, you can rest assured they'll make it back with *real* interest in terms of new accounts generated by the actor's personality.

If we turn to national politics, we find that 14 present or former members of the House of Representatives were jailed, faced criminal charges or were disciplined by their colleagues during the 95th Congress. Nearly every case involved bribery or other kinds of financial corruption, and these 14 were just the individuals who were *caught*. How many other elected officials put themselves up for sale last year?

At HUSTLER we don't do business like that. We've repeatedly turned down advertising for companies and products that could not prove their safety or their worth, and we will continue to do so. There's only one way to buy HUSTLER, and that's to pay the cover price at the newsstand. Otherwise we're not for sale.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Larry Flynt". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping 'L' and a cursive 'Flynt'.

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Welcome to 1979, a year that promises to be **HUSTLER's** biggest, best and most controversial so far. January's the time for hard and probing looks at the world around us, and our January kickoff features an exclusive examination of the RFK-murder conspiracy and its subsequent cover-up. **WILLIAM W. TURNER** and **JOHN G. CHRISTIAN**, co-authors of **THE ASSASSINATION OF ROBERT F. KENNEDY** (Random House), have presented us with startling, meticulously researched revelations that, according to strong speculation at press time, may prompt the State of California to reopen the investigation. Former FBI special agent Turner and ex-ABC newsman Christian have been actively involved in the Bobby Kennedy case since the night of his murder. For more than ten years they've dedicated themselves to exposing the evidence suppressed by both the FBI and the Los Angeles authorities.

Murders and conspiracies aren't the only things that need uncovering; sometimes the more humanizing influences on our society could bear equally close examination. We at **HUSTLER** celebrate sex as a wholesome activity vital to healthy living, and we believe that magazines such as ours provide a valuable, life-enhancing function. We hold an equally strong belief that sex magazines should continually strive for self-improvement, and that's why this issue contains our **FOURTH ANNUAL UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO SEX MAGAZINES**. Every year, as a reader service, we publish the critique of an experienced and sticky-fingered watchdog of cooze, with the guarantee that we will make no



editorial corrections or alterations. Since the world of rock music is expressing more sexual freedom than ever before, we dragged **JOHN MAYALL**, leader of the legendary Bluesbreakers, away from his bevy of groupies, pulled his pants back on, sat him down at a typewriter next to a pile of 1978 sex mags, and told him: "Go to it, John." Mayall, we might add, owns one of the world's largest porn collections.

Some people collect magazines; others collect money on a church plate, and the second kind interests us just as much as the first. There's a lot of money being made these days by evangelical religious movements, especially those well-publicized sects that are beginning to have an impact, directly or indirectly, on all of us—often influencing our lives both politically and socially. Because we believe that any force exerting such potency should be examined with care, we decided this month to put **ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET** under **HUSTLER's** microscope. This astral apostle runs a multi-million-dollar empire that

seems to be dedicated not to the word of God but rather to the immortal words of P. T. Barnum: "There's a sucker born every minute." Californian **GAR SMITH** confessed that nothing in his background prepared him for the spectacle of the **SYNTHETIC GURU OF THE '80s**—the title of his investigative report on Madame Prophet's earthly kingdom. A former associate editor of the *Berkeley Barb*, Smith is now a full-time free-lancer. The artwork for the piece was done for us by **KEITH BATCHELLER**, who we've called on in the past for his divine illustrations of Garner Ted Armstrong (September 1978) and Father Depaul Genska (December 1978).

Next, our focus moves from a report on mystical theology to a tale of sexual repression: At reader request, **THEODORE STURGEON**, the dean of science-fiction writers, makes his second **HUSTLER** appearance with **THE COUNTRY OF AFTERWARD**—a never-before-published glimpse at the antics of a squad of female guerrillas. Their aim? To bring the powermongers of Big Business to their knees—tongues extended. **OLIVIA DeBERARDINIS** a woman every bit as sexy as the pictures she renders, provided the accompanying art.

We think we've proved that January is an appropriate time for close examinations of a blunt kind, but we also want you to do some examining of your own. So don't let **DANA**, **HUSTLER's** exclusive, life-size Honey, escape without strict scrutiny, and make sure you don't miss the horny adventures of our own **BEAVERMAN** or the Afro-disiac ecstasy of a dark interlude in a **QUIET VILLAGE**. And a Happy New Year from all of us at **HUSTLER** to all of you. 🐾



William W. Turner



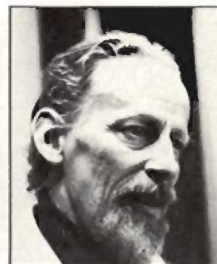
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FEEDBACK

Abortion, Pro & Con: After reading *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?* (November 1978) I'm now positive you're a bunch of sick, depraved motherfuckers. Do you really believe readers want to see bullshit like this? It's obvious you are using the pretext of writing intelligent articles so you could print those disgusting photos. Your *Child Abuse* article (October 1977) was bad enough, but now you've really outdone yourselves in tastelessness. Face it. Nobody likes to look at bloody, dead babies. —R. S. Allen, Texas.

Bravo! Your dual article *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?* has to be one of your best efforts yet to inform the public about the grossest thing a woman can do to a man. I work for an ambulance service, and I've seen too many abortion cases. It makes me so damn sick to know that our so-called Courts of Justice allow women to murder living beings, but won't allow a merciful death for terminally ill patients.

I once had a special girl, or so I thought. We had been together for five years when she became pregnant. I was the happiest man alive, but she got a wild hair up her butt and decided to move on. In the process she aborted the baby, and her mom and dad paid for it. I'll never be able to figure out why. —NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Tustin, California.

I'd like to congratulate you on putting out the finest magazine I've ever come across. I've just read the November *HUSTLER* and was very impressed with *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?* I was especially impressed with the photos. They were morbid, but true and honest. I appreciate honesty. You guys are for real. Now I know what abortion is all about. Some people don't like your magazine, but who makes them look at it? —DIANNE ZEBROWSKI, Poughkeepsie, New York.

A lot of people are not prepared to accept the realities of life, so when they see them in your magazine, they get scared because they realize just how they have spent their time escaping from life and reality. Your abortion articles are a good example of this.

After buying your November issue I was feeling good and so naturally high, but I wasn't prepared for what was inside. I guess I am very emotional and sensitive, because I cried so hard. Those poor, poor little defenseless babies. The way they died was the ultimate obscenity, but I don't regret being exposed to it. I feel your magazine is not in vain, and I just had to write to let you know how I feel. —JACQUELINE M. WASHINGTON, New York, New York.

I have something to tell the women who think they have the right to take a human life: The child is alive and human just like



you are supposed to be! A woman who takes the life of her own child is a murderer. She should be given the death penalty. You women who have abortions will burn in hell, and God will have no mercy on your souls! —KEITH McLEMORE, Morganton, North Carolina.

In these times of unbalanced journalism, I was amazed and relieved to find your coverage of the abortion controversy balanced, objective and all-encompassing in its perspectives of the problem. In my opinion, an embryo is a human being because the sperm and ovum have combined to form a genetic package that is unique. That's why I consider the act of destroying it to be immoral.

However, it's not the function of the state to legislate morality. I have no right to impose my moral code on others through the legal system. Anti-abortion groups would do better to educate people about the contraceptive alternatives that would make abortion unnecessary. Morality must come from the individual, not from the state. —A. BREAU, Litchfield Park, Arizona.

I'll have to admit that when I first opened the pages to *Abortion: Mercy or Murder?*, I was sickened by the pictures. I felt you had included the writing just as an excuse to run a set of disgusting visuals. The photos were hard to look at, but now I feel that the articles, both pro and con, were truly informative. And the photos were necessary.

I'm sure that having been through an abortion myself had something to do with my immediate negative reaction. But it's interesting to me that I wanted to blame *HUSTLER*, rather than examine my own fears. Although my husband first brought home your magazine, you can now count me as one of your regular readers. —NANCY ELSMORE, San Francisco, California.

Yellow Journalism: I compliment you on your excellent pictorial *Beauty's Beast* (November 1978). The photo of Beauty taking a good, healthy piss gave me an instant hard-on. I'd like to see more of this kind of picture, particularly in a life-size centerfold. Have a full frontal view of the girl as she spreads her cunt as wide open as possible and pisses a big yellow stream that splatters in a large puddle. —RICHARD FRITZ, Wheelersburg, Ohio.

I've just got to find out for sure. Is the girl in *Beauty's Beast* really taking a pee? I mean, it looks real enough, but since that's the first piss-shot I've seen in *HUSTLER*, I assumed maybe you had to simulate the action. —PISS LOVER, Boston, Massachusetts.

Our photo editor assures you that Beauty did, in fact, relieve herself during the shooting session.

Get It Up: I've got only one question to ask: How do you guys fuck? All your photo-spreads show limp dicks dangling in midair. Pictorials like this make you look like a bunch of phonies. And, please, don't give me any bullshit about it being illegal. Either get it up and stick it in, or take it out of your magazine.—GEORGE WHITTINGHAM, Dayton, Ohio.

I agree. We will, you'll see.—Althea Flynt

Deep-Six the Pricks: Why do you dumbasses keep putting pricks in with the girl-spreads? We want cunts, not dicks. Are you all bisexual, or just dumb? I'm a service-man, and I'm sure we buy more of your magazines than any other group does. We buy it to see women, not dicks. We're tired of seeing dicks, because in the Army that's just about all we *do* see! We need to see more beautiful cunts. We support and love our country, and we serve it in the best way we know how. Yet nobody does anything for us. Get rid of the dicks and put more cunts in your magazine! We're ready to die for you assholes; how about doing something for us?—PISSSED-OFF GI, Fort Ord, California.

I just want to say that I think your recent incorporation of male-female photographs sucks! I don't care what anyone else says, but the sight of some hairy ape fondling a luscious piece of meat isn't very appetizing.

Let the queers buy magazines with pictures of the male "body beautiful" and let HUSTLER stick to displaying the female form. If this makes me a male chauvinist, then to hell with Gloria Steinem (who I'll bet would be a great fuck). You can't travel both sides of the street at the same time. If you want to satisfy queers as well as normal males, then you're going to lose my \$2.25.—JAMES HILL, Nelsonville, Ohio.

Hey, give us a break! We're trying to do you a favor. What's the point of you getting turned on by HUSTLER every month if your wife or girl finds nothing in it to titillate her too? After all, it's going to be a long, cold winter in Ohio.

Grossed-Out: Why have you taken your magazine—which has elevated itself by including more informative stories and columns, more explicit photos and better humor—and downgraded it with such tasteless items as the Trosley cartoon on page 11 of your October 1978 issue and the photo of the pig (*Beaver Hunt*)?

I can't understand how you can take a magazine that displays the human body as beautiful, and then turn around and profane it. It's true that value judgments are relative; still, you have the ability to create a fine, sophisticated, socially progressive magazine, and it seems you're ignoring that fact.

Come on—cut out the animals and the poor taste in humor. Like Kirby Miller, who

wrote to you in October *Feedback*, I too was once ashamed to buy HUSTLER. But as it became more filled with ideals with which I could identify, I was able to overcome the feeling that I was buying a "gross" magazine. But it seems to me that in October you've shown that you prefer grossness to sophistication.—EDWARD W. HOAG III, Sawyer Air Force Base, Michigan.

Tastelessness has always been a HUSTLER trademark, and for good reason. That you can't understand the value of occasional grossness indicates your own lack of sophistication. Take two enemas, and write us again in the morning.

Happy Housewives: Wow! My husband drooled over *Carla: Charming Exhibition* in your October 1978 issue, and I drooled over those beautiful buns in the centerfold. How about a photo of a guy with a hard cock and a big, hairy ass?—BUN LOVER, Elmira, New York.

My husband has brought home copies of HUSTLER for the past year now, and in that time I too have become an avid reader. This is mainly because you use the most handsome, most well-endowed male models I've ever seen. Most men's magazines seem to forget that there is a female readership out there, and I'm just thankful you're not one of the bunch. It's not that I only like the male models. What turns me on is seeing them in the same photos with the girls. The contrast between the soft contours of the girls and the hard muscled bodies of the men is the sexiest thing imaginable.

Thanks very much, and I hope you'll continue with this same format. Also, since I am particularly submissive, I enjoy seeing your men in the more aggressive, dominant role.—P. G. MARINOS, Bronx, New York.

Mixed Blessings: You are to be commended for your factual, courageous article *The JFK Assassination: How the CIA Set Up Oswald* (October 1978). But why must you put such serious articles on the reverse side of pornographic picture-spreads, or on the same page with cartoons, photos and ads of a pornographic/sadistic nature? If you're really serious about a topic, why not make it a pullout section in the middle of the magazine? It's sometimes difficult to show such articles to people who normally wouldn't buy HUSTLER because the pictures offend them. Many skeptics of the Warren Commission who could benefit from your JFK piece are turned-off by pornography.—W. ANTHONY MARSH, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Thanks for the commendation. As for your criticism: What happened to JFK was truly obscene—the taking of his life. If you agree with that, as we're sure you do, how can you possibly find obscenity in pictures of men and women in





"Just like the old days—homemade Christmas decorations...."

erotic situations? *HUSTLER* presents life as it is, both beautiful and despicable—the good, the bad and the ugly, so to speak. And that's why we mix sex, social commentary and truth.

I bought your October issue specifically to read about the Kennedy assassination, but when I read through the rest of it, I was really ashamed to see the kind of porn you put out. I had heard that Larry Flynt was supposed to have had a change of heart since the Lord came into his life, and I was very surprised to see what was in his magazine. I'm sorry, but to me it just doesn't seem Christian. I won't be buying *HUSTLER* anymore, even though I was interested in what you had to say about the JFK case.—NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD BY REQUEST

HUSTLER sees no disparity between a belief in Christ as a personal savior and the depiction of naked men and women engaged in sex acts. Isn't it about time for you to realize that sex is the greatest blessing of them all?

I just couldn't be more pleased with your JFK assassination article. We must never rest until the perpetrators of that crime are brought to justice. The way most of our news media have sidestepped or ignored the assassination is an indictment not only of the media but also of our judicial system. I personally believe there was a conspiracy to kill Kennedy—a conspiracy involving the Central Intelligence Agency and a small but

insidious group of powerful men with Big Business and media connections.

It's good to know *HUSTLER* has the guts to handle this hot potato, and I hope you'll continue in your endeavor to shed as much light as possible on one of the most important events in American history.

My blessings to Larry Flynt. I agree wholeheartedly with his October 1978 *Publisher's Statement*, particularly when he described the assassins who live among us. Larry wrote: "These people are the real victims of society. They have been victimized . . . by the lack of love inherent in sexual repression; by the fear of honesty intrinsic to organized religion in order to maintain its control; and by the hypocrisy of politicians who are not only lying to the American taxpayers but also lining their own pockets with our hard-earned money."

To that, I and my entire congregation say "Amen."—REVEREND GLENN J. GENERAUX, Northridge, California.

A Monstrous Situation: *HUSTLER's* review of *The Fury* (*Media Takes*, September 1978) brought to light a point I've been trying to get across to the public for some time: Horror films provide pleasure, and do not incite violence and crime.

Two years ago I wrote an article entitled "There Are Things More Horrible Than Horror Films" for *Famous Monsters of Filmland Magazine* (March 1976). It was written not for the magazine's regular readership—

mainly teenagers—but for their parents.

After the issue (#123) hit the newsstands, an outraged parent wrote in, condemning the magazine for promoting the decadence of young minds through our coverage of fantasy films. This person said that "anyone who enjoys such tripe must be mentally ill," and suggested that the editor, publisher and staff writers be lynched. This "concerned parent" punished his 15-year-old son for reading *Famous Monsters* by confiscating the boy's entire collection of memorabilia and burning it. (He also took away his boy's weekly allowance, his rock 'n' roll records and demanded that his long hair be cut off.)

It is sad when something like this occurs. I can draw numerous parallels between the social reputations of *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and *HUSTLER Magazine* on the one hand and the people who work for them on the other. There is nothing wrong with either publication; both provide harmless entertainment for specific audiences. Unfortunately, for both of them the battles are far from over.—RANDY PALMER, Arlington, Virginia.

Wonderin' 'Bout Willie: Being a long-time admirer of Willie Nelson and his songs, I've often wondered what it would be like to meet and be pals with such a man. Of the many articles, stories and interviews I've read over the years, Joe Nick Patoski's profile of him (November 1978) seemed to capture Willie at his true laid-back best, the way he really is. Thanks for bringing him closer to us.—RICHARD HONEY, Temple, Texas.

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO GEORGE CLIFTON, TOLEDO, OHIO

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation. Act of August 12, 1970. Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code. 1. Title of Publication: *HUSTLER*. 2. Date of Filing: September 30, 1978. 3. Frequency of Issue: Monthly. 4. Location of Known Office of Publication: 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Franklin County, Ohio 43215. 5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Office of the Publishers: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, California 90067. 6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor and Managing Editor: Publisher and Editor, Larry Flynt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Managing Editor: Jim Heinisch, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. 7. Owner: *HUSTLER Magazine, Inc.*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Names and Addresses of Stockholders Owning or Holding One Percent or More of Total Amount of Stock: L. Claxton Flynt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. 8. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding One Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages or Other Securities: None. 9. For Optional Completion by Publishers Mailing at the Regular Rates (Section 131.121, Postal Service Manual): 39 U.S.C. 3626 Provides in Pertinent Part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former Section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by U.S.C. 3626: Larry Flynt, Publisher. 10. Extent and Nature of Circulation: Average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: A. Total number of copies printed: 2,481,000. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 1,619,000. (2) Mail subscriptions: 45,800. C. Total paid circulation: 1,664,800. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary and other free copies: 1,600. E. Total distribution: 1,666,400. F. Copies not distributed: (1) Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 2,000. (2) Returns from news agents: 812,600. G. Total: 2,481,000. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: A. Total number of copies printed: 2,284,000. B. Paid circulation: (1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 1,485,000. (2) Mail subscriptions: 42,000. C. Total paid circulation: 1,527,000. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier or other free copies: 1,600. Total distribution: 1,528,600. F. Copies not distributed: (1) Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 2,000. (2) Returns from news agents: 754,000. G. Total: 2,284,000. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Larry Flynt, Publisher

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Thirty-one-year-old Terry Walker, an Elvis Presley imitator from Hickory, North Carolina, has been acquitted by a jury there of committing a "crime against nature." Walker was charged with "putting his male organ" in the mouth of a 14-year-old girl after a concert at a local shopping center. However, during the trial the girl confessed that she herself had initiated the action. The defense attorney then asked the girl if Walker had done "any of those Elvis gyrations." She replied that he had not. Walker was acquitted after only ten minutes of deliberation by the jury.

The Atlantic Kemp Ridley turtle is being threatened with extinction, report American experts trying to save the reptile. This is because Mexicans who value the turtle's eggs as an aphrodisiac have been stealing them as fast as the reptile can lay them. The eggs are taken directly from the Mexican Gulf Coast beach--the turtle's habitat--and sold on the black market, said Dr. Kenneth Dodd, a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service herpetologist (student of reptiles). Though turtle eggs are valued as an aphrodisiac in other cultures, including parts of the U.S., there is, in fact, no evidence that they have any special power, Dodd stated.

Demetrius Soupolos of Stuttgart, West Germany, is suing his neighbor, Frank Maus, for breach of contract. Because Soupolos is sterile, he paid Maus \$2,500 to impregnate his wife. After trying to conceive three evenings a week for six months, Soupolos's wife still wasn't pregnant. At this point her husband insisted that Maus submit to a medical examination. When the doctor announced that Maus was sterile, and always had been, everyone was shocked--except for Mrs. Maus, who confessed that her husband was not the father of their two children. However, Maus is contesting the charges on the grounds that he did not guarantee conception, but only honest, industrious effort. A German court will decide the case.

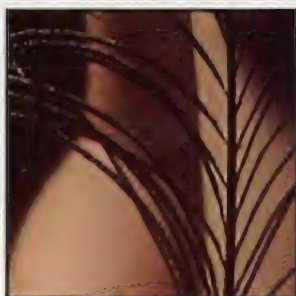
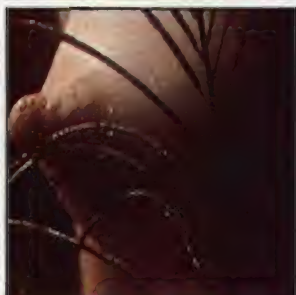
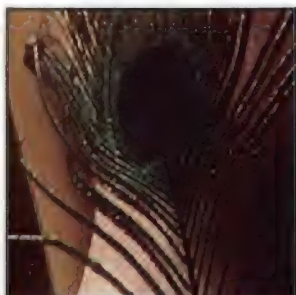
The U.S. government has reported that despite the production of increasingly effective methods of birth control, the annual number of illegitimate births in the U.S. has more than quintupled between 1940 and 1975. The report--taken by the Census Bureau--shows the annual number of births occurring outside wedlock went from 90,000 (3.6%) in 1940 to 448,000 (14.3%) in 1975.

"Clearly," the report states, "there has been a rise in illegitimacy out of proportion to the numbers of single women in the population."

For more than three months Joseto Bueno examined patients, studied medical records and chatted regularly with physicians, nurses and technicians at St. Francis Hospital and Methodist Medical Center in Peoria, Illinois. The only problem was that Bueno is an 18-year-old busboy. He was arrested for posing as a doctor after a security guard caught him with a stolen paging device. Bueno was also said to have spent several minutes trying to take a blood sample from a female patient before she demanded another physician. Prior to this incident Bueno had been fired from his job at a Peoria restaurant because he was not a good worker, according to the owner, who added that Bueno "liked to play with knives."

Ten German feminists--including two well-known actresses--recently took the editor of the popular "Stern" magazine to court for "portraying women as sex objects to be dominated and disposed of as men pleased." The feminists contended that "Stern's" penchant for putting pictures of naked women on its cover was an insult to women in general and, therefore, an insult to each of them individually. In his defense the editor produced photos from "Stern's" library of the two actresses posing in the nude. With that the judge offered the ten women his "greatest sympathy and admiration," threw their case out of court and ordered them to pay \$5,000 in court costs. 🍌

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Bits & Pieces

For the past two years the House Select Committee on Assassinations has been investigating the murders of President John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. In June 1977 G. Robert Blakey, a former Nixon lackey and Justice Department veteran, was named the committee's chief counsel. He immediately took it upon himself to oversee every aspect of the panel's probe and its final report to Congress. However, one of Blakey's first acts was to buddy up to the FBI and CIA and effectively let *them* run his investigation. When staffers disagreed with him and his policies, Blakey fired them.

In his rush to judgment, Blakey ordered the committee's report to be written *before* its findings were complete. And he demanded that the investigation—originally conceived by his predecessor, Richard Sprague, as an open-ended five-year probe—be wrapped up by the end of 1978, three years ahead of schedule. In short, Blakey wanted the investigation over and done with, and capped with a politically expedient report that would lay all conspiracy theories to rest. For such blatant mishandling of justice and the public trust, G. Robert Blakey is **HUSTLER's January Asshole of the Month**.

As soon as he took over, Blakey dismissed the committee's preliminary report questioning the CIA's role in the JFK assassination. In fact, this mealy mouthpiece gave the damn spooks authority to control all information coming from their classified files. *Notes made from CIA documents had to be cleared by the agency first. Blakey even went so far as to allow the CIA final say on what could and could not be included in the committee's report to Congress.* Nothing like putting the fox in charge of the chicken coop.

At first, the chief counsel refused to call former CIA Director Richard Helms as a wit-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

ness, explaining simplemindedly that "You don't think they [the CIA] would lie to me, do you? I've been working with those people for 20 years." When Helms was finally called in to testify because of other pressure, he admitted that the CIA had fucked over the Warren Commission's investigation by withholding important evidence concerning CIA plots against Fidel Castro's life.

"I should have backed up a truck and taken all the documents down to them [Warren Commission]," Helms confessed with 20-20 hindsight. But, apparently, Blakey figured the CIA had reformed. He ignored the fact that the agency was still stalling when asked to open certain files, and was once caught lying about its information. And nothing was said when the long-hidden CIA dossier on Lee Harvey Oswald turned up with 37 documents mysteriously missing.

After clamping a lid of secrecy over the committee's pro-

ceedings, obliging staff members to sign a "nondisclosure agreement" and barring the press, Blakey decided his investigators should try to wrap up the loose ends by the end of 1978. Staffers who quarreled with these limitations were fired. Blakey shit-canned the committee's research chief, as well as several key researchers friendly with Warren Commission critics.

Following these axings, Blakey returned \$425,000 of the committee's budget to Congress, then turned around and fired 28 staffers—24 of them investigators—on the grounds that there weren't enough funds to retain them. Finally, Blakey deep-sixed Robert Lehner, the committee's deputy counsel in charge of the King case. Lehner was working on several leads provided by James Earl Ray and others when Blakey suddenly ordered him to limit his investigation. Lehner chose to resign rather than continue to work under such restrictive

conditions, and the King inquiry slowly fizzled out.

Ray's attorney, Mark Lane, was also in Blakey's way—not just because of his role in the King investigation but also because he has been one of the key conspiracy advocates since JFK's death in 1963. Blakey declared a private war on Lane; he refused to allow him to represent Ray's brother at the committee hearings and—to discredit him—allegedly hired undercover agent Oliver Patterson, a former FBI informant, to monitor the lawyer's telephone calls and smear him in the press. On the basis of his snooping, Patterson passed scurrilous information about Lane's sex life to the *New York Times*.

At the end of an expensive parade of witnesses and evidence—including a grisly display of JFK's bloodstained suit—the committee's inquiries led to a feeble conclusion that could best be described as a whitewash. In the words of one Washington attorney, Blakey had "set up a few straw men and then knocked them down." A few questions were raised; very little was answered; nothing was settled. According to the former acting chief counsel, "What they are going to put out is a document that is safe and politically acceptable." Clearly, G. Robert Blakey is shooting for a fancy post in the Justice Department, so he was determined to let sleeping dogs lie—otherwise they might turn on somebody, particularly Blakey and his CIA cronies, and bite them on the ass.

So once again the truth has been sold down the Potomac, and most people know it. The House Assassination Committee will become as tainted as the Warren Commission, and the rumors of conspiracy behind the Kennedy and King assassinations will continue to gnaw at the American conscience. Nothing will change, not even G. Robert Blakey. He'll always be an asshole. —Jim Dawson



OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

When HUSTLER's editorial staff left Columbus, Ohio, a year ago, the city fathers breathed a sigh of relief, thinking things would return to normal. But madness continues on the banks of the Olentangy. Recently a man was arrested for making a spectacle of himself by eating women's eyeglasses, which he was snatching from ladies on the street. Eighty pairs of specs he was in the process of eating were found in the suspect's home.

JAWS 2

JUST WHEN YOU
THOUGHT IT
WAS SAFE TO
GO BACK TO
GERMANY.

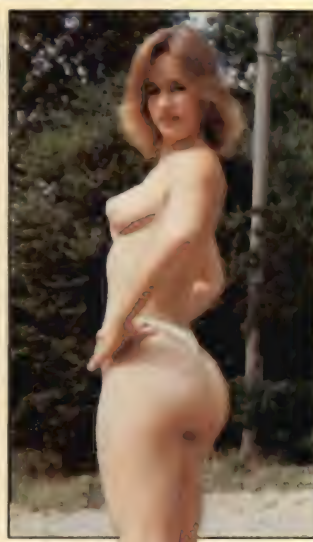


Illustration by Bob Gleason

Bare-Assed Beauties



Miss Nude World 1978, selected in a pageant at Naked City, Indiana, is Cleveland stripper Ginger Peel (far left). Runner-up was Leah Bolin (right), a go-go dancer from Lake Orion, Michigan. The event was organized by Naked City's Dick Drost (left), shown here surrounded by contestants and judges.



Do-It-Yourself: Nose Job



1

ROLL UP TWO CRISP \$20 BILLS INTO THIN, STRAWLIKE TUBES.



2

INSERT A BILL INTO EACH NOSTRIL OF YOUR HUMONGOUS HONKER.



3

INHALE TWO POUNDS OF UNCUT COCAINE IN ONE BIG SNORT.



4

YOUR BULBOUS BEAK WILL COLLAPSE INTO A LOVABLE LITTLE BUMP.



Love American Style

While this is not the first nude wedding we've featured in **HUSTLER**, we feel that Mary Stidelman and Ellis Randall Cunningham deserve our special congratulations. Mary, a topless dancer in Atlanta, always wanted to be a bride. But she had a problem: She was born a man. Surgery and marriage were the two miracles that brought this couple together and made them fit...which leads us to speculate about surgery and divorce. Perhaps, just perhaps, if things don't work out, a surgeon's scalpel might work a little role-reversal magic. They say it takes two to tango, but they never said which two. Next dance.



HORNY TOAD

HUSTLER readers frequently send us intriguing photos of zoological oddities. One reader tells us this is a cockameleon, a rare West African reptile. He says very little is known about the creature's habits, although African natives report that it enjoys giving head. But it looks to us as though someone glued a tiny dildo to a lizard's head and sent it to *Bits & Pieces*.

PREFERRED READING

As HUSTLER's habitual and crazy correspondent, Jerry

Aibel, so aptly illustrates... the difference between our magazine and the *New York Times* is obvious. Some of us question Aibel's taste, however. Is the *Times* really good enough to wipe your ass with?

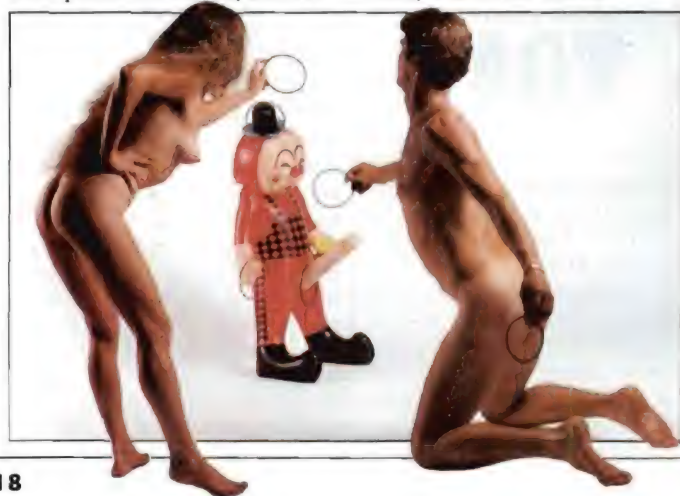


Ding Dong

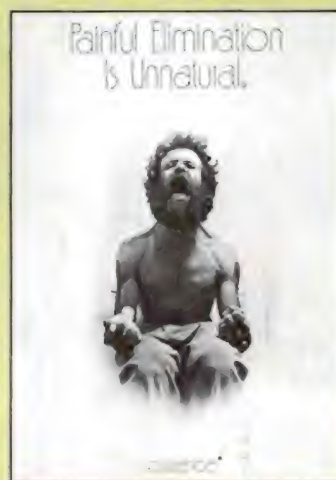
The inflatable fellow with the giant prong is the target in "Fling-a-Ding," an X-rated game marketed by Diplomat Games, Inc. Points are scored by throwing rings over various parts of the little guy, but the most points are scored, natural-

ly, by throwing a ring over his cock. A truly X-rated version can be played if one of the men in the room is willing to stiffen up and serve as a target.

"Fling-a-Ding" can be ordered for \$11.95 postpaid (California residents add 6-percent sales tax) from International Love Boutique, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028.



GIRAFFE RAPS



A pretty girl yelling at us that if it weren't for cigarettes, she wouldn't have cancer; hemorrhoid cream sold as a face-wrinkle remover... *Giraffe Raps* is a compendium of parodied pitches, as if some Madison Avenue sharpie came to work with an LSD hangover and rediscovered American marketing. Ralph Nader fanatics who enjoy tasteful scatology will love this collection. Available for \$5.95 from Street Fiction Press, 201 East Liberty Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48108.

Our Real Boner

We answered an ad in an X-rated newspaper for a girl who said she wanted to get together with guys so she could suck boners. Turns out that's what she really meant.



Canyon Kink

Steve Canyon's readers have suspected for years that Poteet was a hot little number. But we never knew she was into S&M until she revealed it in these two recent strips.



FIT TO BE TIED

Gate-crashing groupies were once a very common phenomenon, but in all these years of publishing HUSTLER we never had a gate-crasher at our photo studio until this winning wench wrangled her way into the heart and camera of Director of Photography Frank DeLia. According to DeLia, the lady claimed she was "fit to be tied" after waiting for years to realize her ambition of appearing in these pages.

Frank, never one to turn down a heavyweight request, agreed that the lady was, indeed, fit to be tied—and he did just that before capturing this pose. After the shooting she asked to have one end of the rope untied so it could be tethered to the studio door—allowing her to peacefully graze the greens surrounding our madhouse picture headquarters. Frank has relayed her desire to us—she wants to be featured in a bronco-busting photo-spread. But we think not, and we hope this is the last you'll ever see of her. Later, Frank.

No Bun Intended

Here are a couple of enterprising HUSTLER readers who know there are big bucks to be made in the *Bits & Pieces* racket. We pay \$100 for dyna-

mite illustrations and items accepted for *Bits & Pieces*, and when these guys lifted this cutie's dress, they knew they'd found a real piece of the action.



HARD WOMAN

It isn't so much what she says; it's the way she looks and feels that makes her a hard woman. The pictured femme is the creation of erotic sculptor Edmund Van Deusen, who exhibited her at the Sawdust Festival (an annual fine-arts and crafts fair at Laguna Beach, California). Although her tits sag mightily, she still maintains a stiff upper lip due to her surfboardlike makeup. Amply endowed, this miss is sure to hang your ten.

NOAH COMMENT



Humping.



Horny.



Duck Fuck.



King Dong.



Menagerie
a Trois.



The Old
Shell Game.



Jumbo
Dumbo.



PIGGING OUT

In the Stone Age culture of New Guinea, pigs are highly valued as symbols of wealth and prestige. They're the special responsibility of the womenfolk, and if piggy looks peaky, its guardian thinks

nothing of giving it the old tit job. From the angle of the dangle and the stipple on the nipple, this woman looks as if she's brought home the bacon to a whole nursery of little swine.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



Exclusive Interview With Jimmy Hoffa

In a frank interview with a HUSTLER correspondent, ex-Teamsters' boss Jimmy Hoffa described to us how he's been hiding out recently in an East Coast butcher shop, where he was sent courtesy of some former union cronies. Our ace reporter, getting right to the guts of the matter, learned from



Hoffa that he "has trouble cutting the mustard" these days. He also denied that he has links with organized crime.

HUSTLER UPDATE



CHERRY PIE September 1978

According to Fred Marzulla, a member of the now-defunct rock group Mom's Apple Pie, the surrealistic vagina on their album cover (*Bits & Pieces*) was declared off limits. The advance copies of Pie's debut album, OK'd by the president of Brown Bag Records but unseen by the musicians, were quickly pulled when buyers complained about the pussy in the picture. The album was then reissued with a new design. The original artist, Nick Caruso, erected a brick chastity wall over the offending quim, marked it with an American flag and cordoned it off with barbed wire—a fitting comment on the sexual repression of the U.S. consumer.

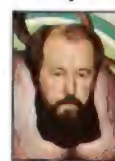
TELEVISION- IZATION OF BOXING

October 1978

The feds are looking into financial arrangements for the 15-round rout of Leon Spinks by Mu-



hammad Ali at the New Orleans Superdome. The FBI would like to know where the cash came from to stage the championship fight.



ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN October 1978

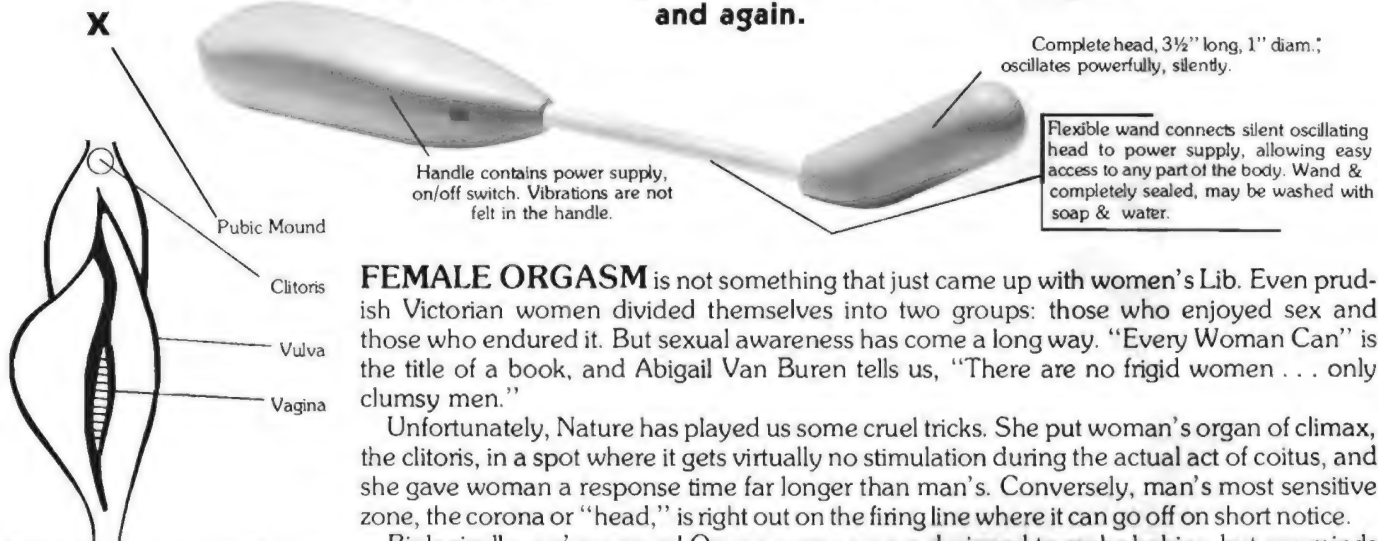
Solzhenitsyn, the famous novelist and refugee who blew the whistle on the Soviet penal system, became HUSTLER's first Russki *Asshole* after he bad-mouthed America in a much-publicized speech at Harvard last June. If you recall, he railed against our preoccupation with "the defense of individual rights" and our moral bankruptcy brought about by "mass living habits."

Recently his 16-year-old stepson, Dmitry Turin, was booked for reckless and negligent driving near the Solzhenitsyns' home in Vermont. The cops also charged him with disorderly conduct. Luckily for the boy, one insidious custom his stepfather had implicitly decreed—plea bargaining—got him off with a \$50 fine.

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for *Bits & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For January, \$100 and thanks to T. M. Atwood, O. Baker, Judy Forti, Bruce Haddrill, David E. Hall, Miller Johnson, Phil King, Charles Klinger, James F. Litzenberger and Ron Weber.

SIMULTANEOUS ORGASM

Millions of women don't climax easily during intercourse. Now there is a way to help her "let go" when you do, and to do it again and again.



Clitoral stimulation is essential to full climax. Relative positions of vagina & clitoris illustrate how unlikely clitoral stimulation is during normal intercourse.

FEMALE ORGASM is not something that just came up with women's Lib. Even prudish Victorian women divided themselves into two groups: those who enjoyed sex and those who endured it. But sexual awareness has come a long way. "Every Woman Can" is the title of a book, and Abigail Van Buren tells us, "There are no frigid women . . . only clumsy men."

Unfortunately, Nature has played us some cruel tricks. She put woman's organ of climax, the clitoris, in a spot where it gets virtually no stimulation during the actual act of coitus, and she gave woman a response time far longer than man's. Conversely, man's most sensitive zone, the corona or "head," is right out on the firing line where it can go off on short notice.

Biologically, we're a mess! Our sex organs were designed to make babies, but our minds have learned to seek pleasure. The result is millions of unsatisfied women and an equal number of guilt ridden men.

Of course, most men know how to bring a woman to climax through stimulation of the clitoris. But if this is something you do *after* she fails to "make it" or if you have to delay your insertion until after her orgasm, natural spontaneity is disturbed and neither of you achieve your full potential.

The Orgo Stimulator was invented to help you overcome the time lapse between your orgasm and hers. It is not a vibrator (the high frequency "buzz" of a vibrator actually tends to numb rather than stimulate), but a powerful oscillating massager.

NOT DESIGNED TO BE INSERTED.

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tion. If it is held in this position by the two of you *during copulation* her climax can be more satisfying and complete than any she's ever known. The head can also be held directly over the clitoris during intercourse for even more intense stimulation of *both* partners' sex organs.

CAN A MAN USE IT, TOO?

By holding the silent oscillating head between your buttocks, just behind the scrotum, during intercourse, you will find the intensity and completeness of your orgasm to be beyond any previously experienced. And a number of doctors have reported using the Orgo Stimulator for prostate massage.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Violence Begets: I don't know why I'm writing, since you probably won't be able to help me. But I feel much better for finally telling someone my story. About a year ago I was raped. I was employed in a massage parlor, where I rubbed down naked men and gave them what we called "hand relief"—jacking them off. Anyone caught doing more than that was fired on the spot, so we weren't exactly prostitutes. One night a fellow came in who offered me all sorts of money for a screw, and I had a hell of a time convincing him I didn't sell. After his massage and hand job (he didn't come) he politely left a tip and went on his way.

That night after work I went to a nearby bar, and the same fellow appeared. After buying me a few drinks he asked for a ride home. At first I said no, but he seemed OK. Later on I finally said yes. When we were in my car, he pulled a knife on me and made me drive to some dark patch of woods. I could feel the fear twist my guts inside out.

He was a real psycho, and he raped me in every way. But when I pictured being murdered and thought about my husband and kids, I became so angry that in spite of my pain I became calm. I grabbed his cock with all my might, and at the same time grabbed the knife away. He began screaming, and I remember stabbing him a lot. When I realized he was dead, I sat there dazed, and cried for hours. I managed to bury him. It was well into daylight before I got home and scrubbed myself purple. It's been more than a year now, and as far as I know he still hasn't been found. I'm insane with guilt and want to confess, but I have no proof I was raped. I told my husband I was raped by three men, since he knew something was wrong. I want to kill myself, but I've always felt I respect life. I can't really think straight. What do I do?—ANONYMOUS.

You should seek the advice of an attorney. The attorney-client privilege is well-respected in large metropolitan areas and in the East, and an attorney is not always under legal obligation to divulge information to the police. You may not be quite so protected in some other areas of the country, because the attorney-client privilege is interpreted differently from state to state. You can find out the particular rules and obligations in your locale by calling the legal aid society or public defender's office.

If the thought of going to any kind of authority horrifies you, call a rape hotline. They will at least be able to tell you what community services are available, and they will be able to counsel you to help you cope with the devastating effects of the crisis. We also suggest that your reluctance to tell your husband the truth has cut off one valuable area of support. You have a supportive network in your family and in your community—it's up to you to take the first step.

Despite the fact that a heinous crime was committed against you, you did take another person's life. No woman should be subjected to the horrors you suffered that night, whether she's a masseuse, a prostitute or a nun. We hope that by reprinting your story others will realize that in a rape violence is invoked; sex is not the only thing that is involved.

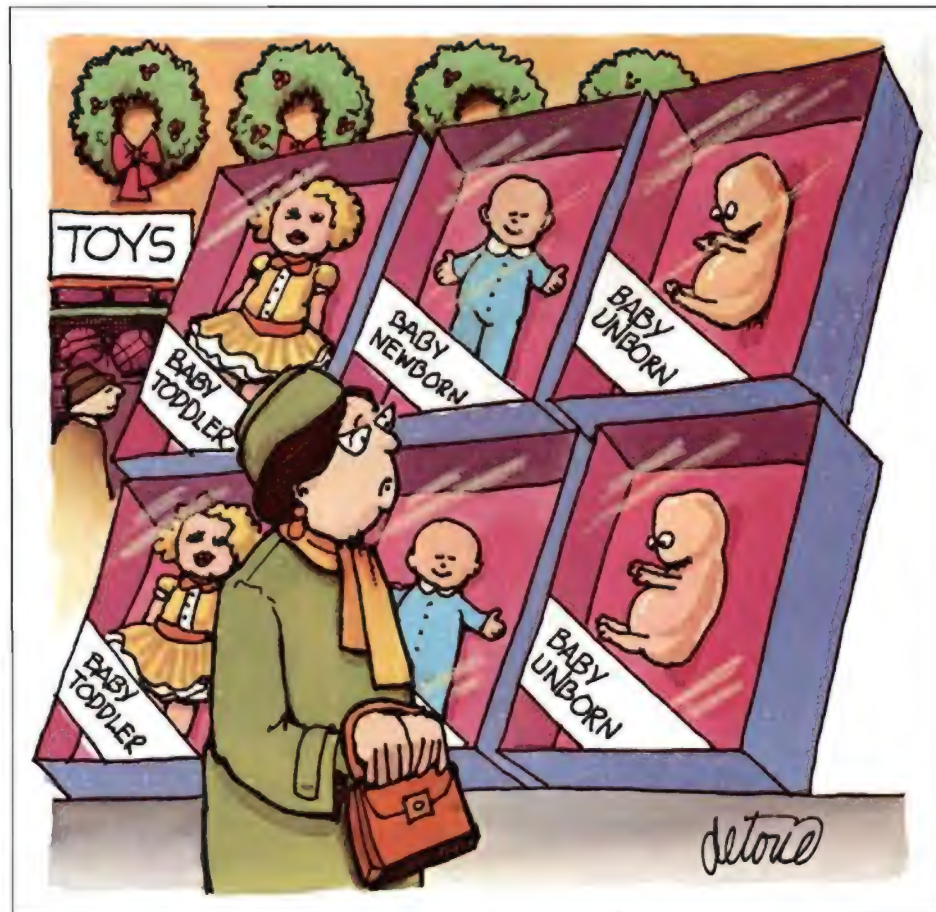
It's so easy for others to say what should have been done when looking at a situation coldly and clinically, after the fact. Anyone, for example, might tell you that you should have gone back to the road and screamed until help came. But who is to say that in a state of frozen terror he would not have done just what you did? You had a good case of self-defense; however, the twin facts that you buried your attacker's body and that so much time has elapsed since your experience have definitely complicated matters. Please don't wait any longer.

The Impaler: I don't believe many men complain about having a crank that's ten inches long like mine is. But since I get 100 percent of my pleasure from straight fucking, I'm concerned about hurting my female partners. Does an extralong cock hurt a woman?—T. B., Moffett Field, California.

If you haven't had any complaints, don't worry about it. If the screams you've elicited are screams of pain rather than pleasure, then you should work on your technique. Remember, a woman's vagina was built to accommodate a baby's head and body. No small thing by any stretch of the imagination!

Pick Up the Tempo: I'm in love with a guy who works all week, plays in a band on weekends and practices for it on weeknights. So I hardly ever see him in spite of the fact that we live together. I must not be making him happy, although he insists I make him happy in everything I do. People tell me not to try so hard, but if I don't, I feel I have failed him in some way. Do you think he could be happy?—R. C., Lansing, Michigan.

Apparently, he is happy. He's busy, productive, and he's doing what he obviously enjoys. You are the one who is not happy. You seem to live only to



make your boyfriend happy or comfortable rather than becoming involved with other concerns of your own. What do you do for yourself? Do you work, take classes, paint, sew, read, take belly-dancing or auto-mechanics lessons?

It sounds as if you want to be in a position of subjection—that is, he must allow you to “do” for him or you can’t be fulfilled. Your boyfriend seems to want a person with a life of her own, not a woman he feels he must dominate. Take advantage of your independence. In the long run you will be a more interesting person, and you’ll probably find him staying home more.

Wahiawa Whacker: I have a girlfriend back on the mainland who doesn’t cheat on me and who insists I be faithful to her. So until we get together again, I masturbate. Can this prevent us from ever having kids in the future?—M. T., Schofield Barracks, Wahiawa, Hawaii.

The old myths dictated that a man was allotted only so many ejaculations in his lifetime and that once they were used up, so was his sexual life. Masturbation was seen as a waste of “seed” and therefore something wicked. The myths were perpetuated throughout the ages. Masturbation is still discouraged today because, after all (the theory goes), our “work ethic” dictates that something that is “nonproductive” cannot be good. But experts in the field of hormone functioning have shown that the chemicals found in semen are constantly being manufactured in the healthy body and that the ejaculated sperm is replaced as easily and quickly as saliva is.

Time for Milk: My wife recently gave birth to twins, but since she didn’t have enough milk to breast-feed them, they were put on formulas. But she and I decided, as a form of sex play, to keep on “milking” her breasts. I use a vibrator on her cunt as I squeeze her nipples. During the day her breasts swell up and become very firm, causing her some discomfort, and so, she says, the milking feels especially good. Will they keep lactating as long as we keep milking them? And can this harm her?—M. F. G., Baltimore, Maryland.

According to the La Leche League, whose members promote breast-feeding, your wife will probably keep lactating as long as her breasts are milked. There are women who continue to occasionally suckle children as old as five years before their breasts begin to dry up. The duration of lactation depends on the amount of stimulation the breasts receive. However, the consistency and quality of the milk will eventually change if she gets pregnant again or if she takes birth-control pills. The Pill sometimes stops the flow altogether. If your wife goes on the Pill, it is recommended that neither you nor the babies nurse because of the hormones.

It should be pointed out that there are ways of doing it properly so that you do not damage the breast tissue, whether you are “nursing” or “milking” her. Call the La Leche League in your city for information on the correct techniques.

Sperm Race: Is there any chance that an uncircumcised man can make a woman pregnant faster than a circumcised man?—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Lowell, Massachusetts.

Until William Masters and Virginia Johnson released findings that proved the theory wrong about 12 years ago, it was believed that a circumcised man could not delay ejaculation as long as an uncircumcised man. The idea was that the circumcised penis was more sensitive. (Perhaps such thinking made circumcised premature ejaculators feel better.)

At any rate, testing proved that there was no difference. Once ejaculation occurs, the speed of impregnating a woman depends on how quickly the sperm, with their whipping tails and help from the female’s uterine contractions, can reach an ovum to fertilize. It can take the sperm anywhere from 30 to 90 minutes to race through the vagina. Circumcision, then, has absolutely nothing to do with how quickly you can get a woman pregnant, whether you’re talking about ejaculatory speed or the motion of the sperm. And since circumcision affects only the outside of the cock, it doesn’t make you any more or less fertile either. Your sperm count is not affected.

Older but Better: I am a 57-year-old male in general good health apart from a slightly enlarged prostate. But my wife has been ill for several years, and our sex life stopped when she got sick. I have a very kind female friend who is willing to have sex with me, but I only come when she gives me head. The problem is that I don’t get a good hard erection—my penis goes limp when I put it into her. It gets hard during the night and at various times during the day, but not at the right time. I’m a baker, and I work long hours, but I don’t get tired. What can I do to get a real hard-on and keep it up till the job gets done?—G. H. F., Graham, Texas.

The first thing you must do is stop worrying. The fact that your penis gets hard at various times should give you an indication there is nothing physically wrong with you. The natural process of aging does create some sexual problems for men. But a generally healthy man does not lose his ability to get an erection. There will be a delay in the time it takes to get an erection because the response to sexual stimuli is slower. There is also less semen ejaculated, often with less pressure.

Additionally, the aging process will reduce your ejaculatory need. That is, you can have intercourse, and satisfying intercourse, without ejaculating every time. Your mistake is believing that you must ejaculate every time you get an erection while you’re having sex. That’s an idea so widely and commonly accepted that the man in his mid-50s who first notes a lower ejaculatory demand panics, believing he’s getting too old to function properly. The worry, in turn, causes loss of erection, and a vicious cycle ensues.

Note how easily you get an erection at times when you are not pressured to “get the job done.” (continued on page 30)

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MEDIA TAKES

Edited by Michael Stott

In this section we not only review films, books and other media in America today, but also comment on the state of the arts with the goal of spurring the media on to better productions. We'll present those items that will most interest, entertain and educate our readers.

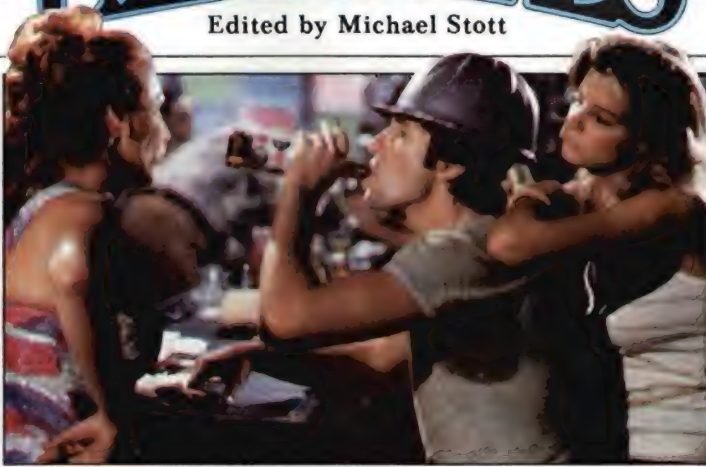
MOVIES

Bloodbrothers is the kind of film about men and the workings of the male mind that's long overdue on the screen. It takes up the banner of hard-hat American masculinity, flaunts it with dignity, passion and balls, and then reveals it to be as bloody and tattered a rag as a used Kotex. Robert Mulligan (*To Kill a Mockingbird*, *Summer of '42*) directed this Warner Brothers release, and the result is the most gripping and powerful statement about modern family life I've experienced in several years.

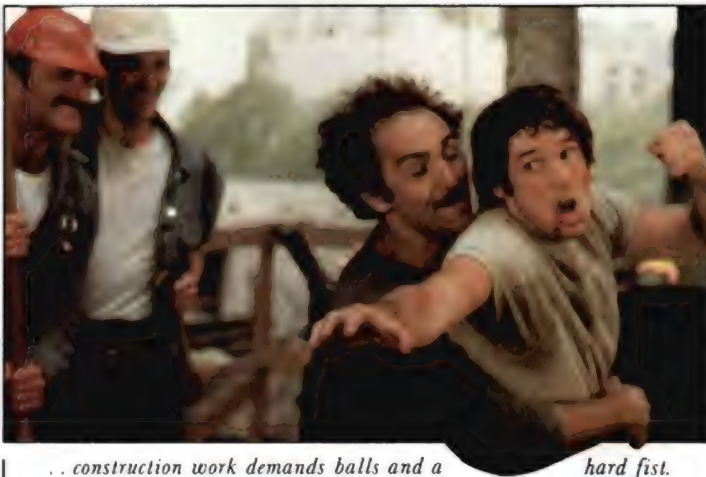
The film concerns the de Coco family. Tommy de Coco, played with savage energy by Tony Lo Bianco, is a construction electrician married to Marie (Lelia Goldoni). They have two sons—Stony, 19 years old and just out of high school, and Albert, a skinny, pale 12-year-old who suffers from anorexia (chronic loss of appetite) due to fear. Albert's problem stems from Marie; she overmothers the boy to the point of hysterical anger when he won't finish a meal.

But the reasons for Marie's rage go far beyond maternal instinct. Her husband, whose sexual interest is isolated in reminiscences of R&R during the Korean War, regularly steps out on her. Soft-core scenes with an Oriental hooker stand in for the memory of "Suki," his one great screw.

Then there's Chubby de Coco, Tommy's big brother, who's also in construction. Chubby and his wife had a boy years ago, but one night while the child was still an infant the mother rolled over on top of him as she slept, and he died. Since then Chubby has put all of his paternal feelings into a relationship with his nephew, Stony. As he tells Banion, the crippled owner of the family's



'Bloodbrothers': Stony de Coco (Richard Gere) drowns his sorrows...



...construction work demands balls and a hard fist.

favorite bar: "Father and son—that's the best; but uncle and nephew—that's pretty damn good too."

In the paralyzing web of all these family relationships, Stony begins to feel trapped. His father expects him to continue the family trade, and proudly hands him a journeyman's union card. "There's guys would *kill* to get one of these," he says. But Stony, played at a fine pitch of ferocious intensity by Richard Gere (the knife-wielding young stud in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*), has other ideas. He wants to work with children, but agrees to a bargain with his father: He'll work two weeks as a recreational assistant at a local children's hospital, and then two weeks on the job with his dad. And then he'll choose.

If the story so far sounds like two weeks from a daytime TV serial, then the fault is mine, not the director's. Robert Mulligan is one of the least known of the great Hollywood

craftsmen, and that's a pity, for he excels at reproducing on the screen the breadth of feeling generated by ordinary people living ordinary lives. (In Europe, American film artists are more appreciated than they are here. Back in 1971, England's prestigious National Film Theatre ran a Robert Mulligan festival for his numerous British devotees.)

Mulligan is no political pinko with a sentimental vision of the workingman's hard life; the film depicts an environment he recalls from his own youth. Nor is he concerned with changing present systems, be they ever so dehumanizing. In fact, there's a constant sense in all of his films that the background scenes are eternal and changeless.

The de Cocos' apartment, Banion's bar, the construction site, the children's hospital—all represent unchanging environments that govern the lives of the characters set against them. The challenge for the people in a Mulligan film, therefore, is

how to react to the places where life has set them, and what kind of arrangement—whether compromise or rebellion—they can contrive to work out for themselves in a world not of their making.

For my money that kind of personal vision makes Mulligan one of the most mature and seasoned of contemporary American directors. His films reach us on the level of consciousness where most of us interact in our everyday lives: Whether or not to have it out with the wife; whether to stick it to the boss or stick with the job; whether to tell your friend what's really bothering you, or keep it to yourself. —M. S.

EROTIC FILMS

by Frank Fortunato

Man does not live by bread alone; sometimes he has to turn to boobs, babes and the bawdy. As we don't want to frighten the HUSTLER reader into thinking we are merely stroking his cerebrum and cerebellum and won't stroke his sex drive, this section of Media Takes will, we hope, direct you to the very best in erotic film fare.

Another Love, Another Place

This German movie, shot in Spain, has a number of redeeming values. There are fresh European faces, skillful photography (which leaves 90 percent of our Stateside porn in the dust) and some surprisingly crisp and breezy dialogue—albeit dubbed. And sporadically throughout *Another Love, Another Place* there is a semblance of a commodity that's all too rare in porn: style.

The story opens as Fritzi (Fritzi Lang), a luscious, young backpacking hitchhiker, is picked up by playboy Armand (Armand Verdun). They hit it off immediately, which is understandable since good old Armand has a great poolside villa and plenty of money. The



'Another Love': Aboard his yacht, Armand Verdun decks Fritzi Lang.

first 15 minutes are strictly from wine and roses as we watch the two of them frolic and fuck through a series of well-edited scenes.

Then, while dining out one evening, they are invited over to a table occupied by a group of obvious freaks. Head freak Kurt (Kurt Blankmeyer), a man covered with tattoos and sporting a Salvador Dali-like mustache, announces: "I am a human being, which is more than I can say for the rest of these imbeciles." Armand and Fritzi wind up inviting Kurt and his entourage home as houseguests, and the story degenerates into a series of hackneyed love triangles.

But while the story fades, the photography remains interesting. In one scene a threesome featuring Kurt and two women is skillfully framed and shot through a latticed window. At another point Fritzi opens a closet to find Kurt sitting there with his prick stiff and a flower pointing heavenward. The crazed Kraut is simultaneously reading poetry and jerking off. Then Fritzi tries some horizontal recreation while the camera catches her hand, the flower and Kurt's ejaculating cock. Not exactly great art, but artful—especially in contrast to the other movies reviewed this month.

Alas, the story again rears its lame head: Armand becomes jealous of Kurt, Kurt shoots Armand, and Fritzi resumes hitchhiking as if nothing's happened. But between spurts of plot there are *mucho* spurning cocks, great shots (including a fuck scene set during a bullfight) and, in general, an adroit camera eye. *Another Love*, *Another Place*—despite a laughable story line—is worth seeing.

Skin Flicks

The audience sat through the opening minutes of this film wondering if they had wandered into the wrong screening. It was supposed to have been a Gerard (*Deep Throat*) Damiano movie, but there on the screen, to a background of ethereal mood music, was a nameless "innocent" (Colleen Davis) being gently persuaded by a porn filmmaker *not* to be in his movie: "You know, film is permanent, and someday you might regret making this movie."

"Gee, I never thought of that!" is her brilliant rejoinder. Of course, she decides to play

in the film. Suddenly, halfway through her scene, the music becomes frantic and she starts giving some very enthusiastic head. What follows is an oral cum-shot focused so close that you can almost see the spermatozoa swimming in the semen. The audience breathes a collective sigh of relief, as if to say: "That's the Damiano we know."

Although *Skin Flicks* is Damiano's best effort since *The Story of Joanna*, it's not very good. His work has gone steadily downhill since *The Devil in Miss Jones*—his second film and still his best. While he can still produce effective eroticism, with each new film Damiano's story lines and dialogue seem to get progressively worse. As the title implies, this is a skin flick about skin flicks. Specifically, it concerns a porn filmmaker's difficulties in completing a film while his agent and moneyman pressure him for the finished print.

Damiano feeds us a steady flow of sex; but the gaping holes in the plot convert what could have been a fresh and fascinatingly thematic story into a mere collection of loops. There are only two interesting scenes.

'Skin Flicks': Beth Anne and Joseph Scott—just another swinging couple.



'Skin Flicks': Sharon Mitchell likes what she sees—and so do we.

The first involves Damiano himself playing a Mafia-type moneyman. Harry the filmmaker (Tony Hudson) petitions Damiano for more time to finish the project. "I need more time, Vince!" says he.

"Time!? What am I—a clock?" barks Damiano, in a convincing Neanderthal style. (Damiano has apparently experienced similar problems with his own real-life backers.)

The second interesting scene has the best male screen presence in porn—Jamie Gillis—together with the ever-foxy Sharon Mitchell. Gillis plays a psychotic ad executive who has been rejected by Mitchell; she plays herself—a freaky porn queen. Gillis kidnaps her and puts her through some enforced, razor-point sex in a scene that achieves some dramatic as well as erotic values.

Harry fails to find an ending for his film, just as Damiano fails to produce a beginning, middle and end for *Skin Flicks*. But because Damiano retains his flair for shooting tension-charged sex scenes, the "raincoat regiment" might well get off on this film. However, those of you who like a story with your smut will be disappointed. I certainly was.

Nite Bird

I suppose it was inevitable: a porn version of *Saturday Night Fever*. Some effort went into this film, but given its general quality, the result is just one big Saturday Night Fizzle. Again the problem lies with the plot—or lack thereof. The script seems to have been written by a brain-damaged gorilla—the film brims with unintentional laughs, illogical plot-twists and dull, stupid dialogue.

Moreover, there is a weak realization here of already-weak material. The John Travolta of *Nite Bird* is a character called Southside, played by Marcus Valantino. He is portrayed in the opening scene as a sleazy street hustler. But Valantino is so inept in this role that it's difficult to believe he could talk a wino out of an empty Ripple bottle. His two sidekicks—J. T. (David Morris) and Bobby (Mike Ronds)—are half his age and twice as moronic. Collectively, this mozzarella threesome rides around gang-banging a neighborhood slut, raping lesbians and constantly snarling insults at one another.

The neighborhood slut is played by Beth Anne, an attractive number who is also capable of delivering a line—unlike her fellow performers in *Nite Bird*. She and the lesbians are fucked in Southside's Lincoln Continental in an attempt to echo the backseat sex scene of *Saturday Night Fever*. The attempt fails miserably.

Then the action switches to the Nite Bird, a sex-club disco similar to Plato's Retreat in New York. The camera cuts back and forth in a swirl of sex scenes. The disc jockey (Ki Ki Young) gets blown by a waitress (Christa Duncan), while three girls, including foxy Marlene Willoughby, get it on on-stage and several other couples cavort in the background. If the producers had confined themselves to the disco, this film might have worked. But they didn't, and it doesn't.

Back on the street the wop boppers start mumbling about "getting the spics"—a dramatic afterbirth designed to give the story some credence. The plot is hopeless, and the acting is little

better, which explains why the screening audience cheered when J. T. and Bobby were blown up by a bomb planted by Puerto Ricans. (Their performances had bombed out during the first reel.) But life goes on, don't you know?—and Southside goes to the Nite Bird, where the owner, Maggie (Misty Winter), balls away his blues. *Nite Bird* is a crude aping of a box-office success. It conveys about as much impact as cold pizza.

Black Silk Stockings

Porn producers, ever-ready to turn a buck for a minimum outlay, have outdone themselves here (ecologically speaking) with what might be called the first three-hour recycled movie.

The only fresh footage in this film features a mature-but-



'Stockings': Holmes and lovely Annette Haven enjoy a splice-job.

together narrator who goes by the name of Angelique. She introduces various loop films that have been blown up from their original 8mm to theater-size 16mm. The loops feature

dubbed-in soundtracks (including simulated slurping), which give the film a certain two-bit peep-show quality. Angelique cockteases the lingerie-freaks by modeling various slinky items from her laundry collection, and many of the loops feature other women in undies. Nevertheless, the end result is a spliced-together collection of old material.






Question: Why, then, does this splice-job rate even a half-erection? Answer: Some of the loops are genuinely erotic and feature some very good-looking people. Annette Haven—who for my money is the best-looking woman ever to appear in a porn film—is featured in two of them. In the first sequence she is cast with John Holmes in a case of *The Big meeting The Beautiful*. In the second it's a threesome with John Leslie and foxy Linda Wong. What transpires among these three is easy on the eyes.

Another sequence featuring silk-stockinged Monica Wells is rendered ridiculous by a soundtrack that gurgles out the following drool: "Oh yeah, oh my tits, oh God, my nipples, oh tits, yeah..." Certainly not inspired stuff, but then neither is anything else in this "film" apart from the forms of Haven, Wong, Wells and Patricia Lee. In short, if you can get off on old footage of the best-looking women in porn fucking and sucking in lingerie, then this flick might be worth the investment of your time and money.



This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

BOOKS

The Mummies of Guanajuato

Photography by Archie Lieberman; story by Ray Bradbury; Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 110 East 59th Street, New York, New York 10022; \$9.95

In the little Mexican town of Guanajuato the mummified dead stand mutely screaming. More than 100 dried-up corpses are on display—waxy, withered, wired against gravity—and representing, in a bizarre and chilling way, the economic status of the families they left behind. For these are the remains of those departed citizens whose living relatives could no longer pay the annual graveyard rent. Evicted in death from what was to have been their final resting place, they stand in glass cases for tourists to gawk at—permanent trophies attesting to their families' poverty.

As the mummies' caretaker puts it in Ray Bradbury's story: "Knowing that after the first year the rent is liable not to be paid, we bury the poorest two feet down. It is less work, you understand? Of course, we must judge by the family who owns a body. Some of them we bury sometimes three, sometimes four feet deep... depending on what the chances are we won't have to dig him out from his place a year later. And let me tell you, *senor*, when we bury a man the whole six feet deep we are very certain of his staying."

Bradbury was a fledgling science-fiction author when he wrote the original tale in 1947. It's a fiction piece concerning a middle-aged American couple whose lives are profoundly changed after they visit the town. But the background to the story is as authentic and as potent as the scorching Mexican sun; the mummies are *real*, as was the economic reality that put them on display.

Recently, Archie Lieberman went to Guanajuato to photograph the grotesque faces of the corpses; reading Bradbury's yarn, he was struck by what the tourist says to his wife: "I'd like



'Mummies of Guanajuato': More than just another dead-baby book.

a color shot of each... it would be an amazing, an ironical book to publish."

Inspired by these words, Lieberman has designed such a book (although the pictures are not in color, as Bradbury's fictional character suggested). The Bradbury story, originally entitled "The Next in Line," is included in full.

'Mummies': Dignified corpses who watch the tourists watching them.



The Mummies of Guanajuato is literally a terrifying book; it puts you in mind of death and dying with a force that no Hollywood horror film can duplicate. But it also might affect you on another level entirely. There's a strange dignity to the mummies as they seem to watch the tourists who watch them. And one can't escape the feeling that somehow those gaping mouths are laughing, not screaming—with a knowledge that only they possess.—M. S.

Hear the Children Crying

By Dale Evans Rogers with Frank S. Mead; Fleming H. Revell Company, Old Tappan, New Jersey 07675; \$6.95

Dale Evans has had a fairly successful career as an author since she quit riding the range with her husband, Roy Rogers. *Hear the Children Crying* is her 15th book, and though it's about the crime of child abuse, it follows the basic content and format of Dale's earlier works: It is a book on Christianity.

To avert any charge that she

might just be cashing in on today's lucrative Christian market, Evans immediately makes it clear that she is not writing as "writers of books usually do"—for fun, fame or profit. No, Dale wrote this book because she *had* to—because child abuse, "a disgrace worse than Watergate," is something she could no longer ignore.

She launches a frontal assault on child abusers, and also takes some potshots at several other pet peeves; these include television, women's lib and pornography. In doing so, she combines elementary psychology, numerous biblical references and personal anecdotes designed to tear at the reader's heartstrings.

In one such real-life adventure Dale and Roy were out walking and found themselves "accidentally" on a street crowded with porno shops. They were both "sickened and infuriated" at pictures "filthy beyond description."

As for TV violence, Evans feels it is one of the "worst child abusers in our modern society," and she cites examples of dangerous criminals who had been weaned on the tube. For a remedy, she suggests that we organize a gigantic protest against television producers, although she never really tells us exactly how to go about this task.

When Dale finally gets around to her main topic, her basic tenet is that child abusers were themselves battered children. With that bit of insight out of the way, she then gets down to business regarding some of the ways in which we might stem the current epidemic of abusers.

Of course, getting back to Jesus is the *best* way, but short of that, other measures can be employed. Discipline is what's necessary. She says, "The 'spare the rod and spoil the child' admonition of the Bible means to me that a *moderate* application of the rod will be good for the child" (emphasis added). And what if the discipline doesn't work; how does she feel about punishing the child abuser? Dale is quite forthright on this point: She's all in favor of the death penalty—in the name of Jesus Christ, of course.

As the book comes to a close, Evans gets her last licks in by stating that the *real* cause of violent behavior is the demons who are "alive and well and still in business among us." Despite hating the movie *The Exorcist*, Dale feels that in certain cases exorcism may be the answer.

And on it goes. The book is valuable only in that it consistently exposes the double standard of so many Christian proselytizers. Other than that, *Hear the Children Crying* serves no purpose—unless you want to add the dust-jacket photograph of the author to your collection of Roy Rogers/Dale Evans memorabilia. —Stuart Goldman.

The Mountain Valley War

By Louis L'Amour; Bantam Books; \$1.50

Louis L'Amour is indisputably the King of the Shitkickers. Over the past 30 years or so he's banged out more than 60 books and 400 short stories. Thirty-one of his yarns have been made into films. He even wrote a few of the old *Hopalong Cassidy* TV scripts, under the name Tex Burns. Bantam calls him "The World's Bestselling Frontier Storyteller," and for good reason. L'Amour has sold 75 million books, surpassing other western writers such as Zane Grey and Max Brand.

Like most pulp authors, L'Amour has never received much respect in literary circles. The plots of his stories aren't much different from the B-westerns you used to see at the Saturday matinees, and after you've read a couple of these horse-operas you forget exactly which hero bumped off which varmint.

But if you like fast action, hot lead, hard-hitting hombres and galloping galoots, L'Amour's right up your trail. A fistfight never lasts less than two pages, and nobody spills blood without you getting a good look at it first. When there's a shoot-out—with six-guns blazing and bucking, shirts turning crimson and knees buckling—you can almost smell the gunpowder in the air.

L'Amour belongs to a new breed of pulpewriter that rarely, if ever, gets to see his stuff printed

in hardcover copies. Paperback companies have taken over the old weekly magazines, such as *Triple-X Western Adventures*, so Bantam Books pulls L'Amour's stories straight out of the typewriter and prints them in pocket-sized editions. The covers are as lurid and interchangeable as the ones on the old pulps, with hard-jawed gunmen spitting flame from their six-shooters as they dig spurs into sweaty horses, under cryptic titles like *The Man From the Broken Hills* and *Ride the Dark Trail*.

But the stuff inside is enjoyable if you're looking to while away a few hours. In *The Mountain Valley War*, L'Amour throws you right into the thick of it on Page 1: "Dick Moffit lay sprawled on the hard-packed earth of his barnyard, the earth deeply clawed in the agony of death. Even from where he sat on the long-legged buckskin, the man known as Trent could see Moffit had been shot at least six times. Three bullets had gone in from the front, the other three fired directly into his back by a man who stood over him. And Dick Moffit had been unarmed." From there L'Amour doesn't let up or give you much chance to catch your breath.

He succeeds in the shoot-'em-up genre because he knows what he's writing about. He left his native North Dakota at 15 and spent his early manhood prizefighting, lumberjacking, commanding tank destroyers and sailing around the world on freighters. Since his first big sales in the early '50s L'Amour has traveled the West, compil-

ing biographies of a thousand gunfighters and building up a western-research library of more than 2,000 books.

The appeal of his paperbacks is universal. They've been translated into a dozen languages, including Finnish, Italian, Japanese and Polynesian. So if you haven't yet picked up on Louis L'Amour, *The Mountain Valley War* would be a good place to start. —Jim Dawson

Burning Cold

Photography by Gary Bernstein; text by Bernie Taupin; Harmony Books; One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016; \$14.95

Burning Cold is yet another one of those pretty picture books to add to your already-overloaded coffee table—soft-core eroticism at 15 bucks a throw. Why don't the New York scam artists who put out garbage like this on a regular basis realize what every HUSTLER reader knows? Coffee tables are for propping your feet on, and soft-core picture books only get in the way. They tend to make your foot-balance uneven.

Gary Bernstein photographed the same girl time after time for this hardbound minor thrill. In the first few pictures he must have had trouble with his light meter, for we get the same shot first underexposed, then overexposed. By pic number three he's got it right, and Bernie Taupin's lyric on the facing page celebrates this photographic feat with a sphincter-puckering fart of constipated prose: "The naked brave

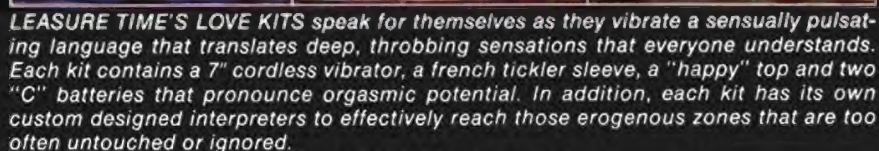
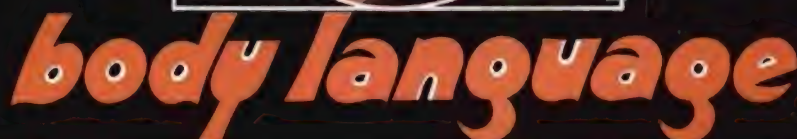
emerge/From the chord now broken/To the language spoken/To the first and final day...."

Taupin is a no-account Limey scribbler, touted on the back cover as "without a doubt, one of the most talented and prolific lyricists of the '70s and an integral part of the Elton John phenomenon." This British bore lives in Beverly Hills, where he spends his time torturing verbs and brutalizing harmless adjectives; I plan to write to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, suggesting that his green card be pulled on the grounds of cruelty to the English language. Pick up *Burning Cold* at a bookstore, and then drop it fast—ideally, in a dusty corner. —M. S.



'Burning Cold': Overdressed and overexposed, she awaits a better poet.





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If you don't have a negative response to manual anal sex, than penile insertion is the next step. Again, a good deal of lubricant should be used and insertion should be slow and careful. If you still experience pain and post-coital discomfort, check with a physician to make sure you don't have an intestinal problem. Your doctor can also check for hemorrhoids (varicose veins of the anus), which aren't necessarily caused by anal intercourse. Hemorrhoids won't cause the intestinal problems you describe, but they can add to the pain and discomfort. If nothing is wrong physically, but you're still having problems, then let your husband know that this form of lovemaking is apparently not for you. 

SEXPLAY

by Jack Owen Jardine

It's that time again—the Christmas season. Maybe you're thinking about something special for you and your old lady—something that will truly bring you closer together in 1979. Isn't it time to put your money where your cock is? Why not design and furnish your own, unique space for sex right there in the privacy of your house or apartment? If you buy everything that I'm going to describe, the total tab could well exceed three grand, and that's a lot of money, especially today. Just spend as much or as little as you like, picking out those items that really turn you on. And if your woman is uptight about changing the decor of your bedroom, choose an alternate site—the spare room, the rec room, the basement or, in a pinch, the garage.

Let's assume you have a decent sound system. It should have not only disc but cassette capability as well—and a well-miked recording system—because you're bound to make some noises that you'll want to listen to later. Likewise, your record library, basic bed and bar are probably going to be standard equipment, and need not be treated in great detail here. An elegant fake-fur bedspread will dress up any bed for around \$100, and offers an interesting texture against naked skin.

Satin sheets, which run \$35 to \$45 a pair (according to size), are available from Leisure Time Products. (For LTP's new catalog send \$2.50 to P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216.)

It's the specialized shit that's apt to run into money. For instance, if you're into bondage, get only as much equipment as you need to turn you on. For \$160 you can cover most of the basics—\$60 for a suspension harness, \$100 for miscellaneous ropes, chains, pulleys, belts, gags and straps. Photographer and bondage consultant Bob Park can show you some inexpensive ideas for outfit-

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex play throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



THE ULTIMATE ORGY ROOM

ting your bondage corner—he sells photos, not equipment, and shoots real bondage scenes rather than poses. (R. L. Park, 304 West Mariposa, El Segundo, California 90245; \$2 brings sample photos and brochure.)

If enemas and/or watersports get you off, an enema bag, Bardex nozzle and rubber sheet should cost about \$160. The big item here is the rubber sheet (72" x 108" fits a king-size bed and lists for \$65). A new arrival on the liquid-love scene is the Shower Shot, a clever device that fits into your bathroom plumbing at one end and your rectum or

vagina at the other. It's sold as an anal or vaginal douche—the anal model is \$32.50, the vaginal version \$27. Equipment for both bondage and watersports is available at any of The Pleasure Chest's nine retail stores: three in New York City, two in Miami, one each in Chicago, Atlanta, Philadelphia and Los Angeles. (For Pleasure Chest's catalog send \$3 to 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011.)

Maybe you'll want a masturbating machine. The best fuck 'n' suck machine on the market today is the Accu-Jac II, which even fucks 'n' sucks *simultaneously!* This hot item is \$595 plus shipping charges from Funways, which will pay the freight on any of its smaller models. Jovial customer-service man Charlie Boynton says the firm has sold about 7,000 units in the five years Funways has been making Accu-Jacs. Call Boynton at 213-994-6777 for a free catalog, or write Funways, P.O. Box 9691, North Hollywood, California 91609.

The two most expensive items in your orgy room will be the plate-glass mirrors you install over and around your bed, and the videotape recorder and camera you use both to make your own porn tapes and to videotape copies of X-rated feature films. For the mirror you'll

need about 100 square feet, which in plate glass will cost about \$600 installed. Your VTR and camera (B&W) can run from \$950 up.

If you're going first class with plate glass, you'll want the largest mirrors that can be jockeyed into place. Let your guide be the size of the openings they must go through to get from the street to the wall or the ceiling you want to mount them on. Most doors are about 8 feet high. If you put your bed in a corner, you can mirror the two adjacent walls for about \$360 installed. A 5' x 7' mirror will do nicely, even over a king-

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size bed, for another \$210. Forget the cheapo roll-up plastic mirrors you see advertised for \$15 unless distorted images turn you on. For chrome Mylar to be an effective mirror it must be stretched onto a rigid frame and shrunk tight with a blowtorch. You can waste \$20 worth of Mylar learning to do it right, but once you get that part of it down, a 4' x 8' panel should cost under \$30, with frame. Heavy-duty 2-millimeter chrome Mylar comes 18" wide and sells for about \$2 per running yard.

An alternative to either plate glass or Mylar would be to mount on plywood panels the mirrored 12" squares found in building-supply stores. This way, the same corner area that would have cost you \$360 in plate glass can be covered for about \$50, plus mounting board. Do like the pros do, however, and mount them on full sheets of half-inch plywood (two 4' x 8' sheets, \$20), then attach the entire assembly to the wall. Including hardware, adhesive and some lumber for trim, the corner assembly still will run under \$100.

Don't use the 12" squares on the ceiling, however. Directly overhead you'll want a seamless mirror, not a mosaic. Even well-stretched Mylar will sag slightly in a horizontal position, causing the reflected image to appear a bit farther away than it would on plate glass, which may not bother you enough to justify the \$180 difference in cost. Unless you make your living mounting plate-glass mirrors, let someone who *does* do the ceiling. First class means quarter-inch polished plate glass glued to half-inch plywood, which is then chained to eyebolts in the ceiling beams.

The advantage of plate glass over Mylar is that it'll last forever. The Mylar surface deteriorates with every cleaning and will probably look cruddy after a year or so. Still, using Mylar for the ceiling (\$30) and mounted squares for the walls (\$100) you can shave about \$440 off the price of plate glass.

Six-hundred dollars is just about the difference in price between a black-and-white video camera (RCA or Panasonic, \$275) and a good color video camera (JVC, \$875). Panasonic also makes an excellent recorder and playback deck that will handle black and white or color with equal ease. We've seen it on sale at \$695.

But if your preference is looking at good sex films in your orgy room rather than making your own flicks, you can't beat the new package deal offered by Leasure Time Products. LTP offers a videotape player, either Beta or VHS format, that will hook up to your TV set,

SEXPLAY

together with 12 recent full-length, hard-core color features. Total price is \$7,199. This is a highly recommended deal on the grounds of both quality and price, and represents a savings of \$1,000 over normal retail. For further information on this package, call Leasure Time Products at 800-848-9107 (in Ohio call 800-282-9216).

In addition to a bed, you might want to own the Love Chair, demonstrated in HUSTLER's July centerfold. Designed by award-winning sculptor Callum Hasty, the device is not intended for sleeping in, or on. Those who've tried it say it's more fun than playground monkeybars, which it vaguely resembles. With the Love Chair you can fuck standing, sitting, lying down—however your imagination directs. It's made of enameled steel tubing with strategically placed foam pads covered in matching vinyl. Red and black enameled models, as well as brass and chrome ones, are immediately available, and upon request Leasure Time will make them in gold—for a small fortune! Nongold models start at \$259.

For the most part, orgy-room lighting should be indirect and dimmable. A pair of multicolored spotlights aimed at a cluster of revolving shaving mirrors, each suspended on its own strand of

monofilament so it's free to rotate, can fill the room with a spectacular light show for just a few dollars; spots of light will chase each other back and forth across the walls, randomly, at varying speeds as the monofilament winds up and then unwinds.

For a deep-space effect you don't have to paint the walls black. Paint them dark green (use a flat paint), then light the room with pink and lavender. ("Surprise pink" and "special lavender" are the gels to ask for at any theatrical-supply store—enough to wrap four fluorescent tubes should cost you under \$20.) It's the same effect some meat markets get with pink lights in the display cases. Under pink lights, meat looks more edible, people more fuckable. Furthermore, the pink and lavender do not reflect from the green wall, causing the dark green to "drop away into infinity and all the flesh tones to jump out," according to one theatrical-lighting consultant.

If gadgets intrigue you and you like to experiment, the process of outfitting your orgy room can be almost as much fun as orgying in it. Once the basic equipment is installed, you'll add to it gradually over the years. The Ultimate Orgy Room should not be a clutter of equipment, unless cluttered living is your style. It should boast a few well-

chosen pieces of furniture, some quality accessories and enough art to make it a stimulating environment. Good erotic prints, for instance, average about \$40 each at The Pleasure Chest.

As far as your stash box is concerned, what you keep in it to enhance your sex trip is a matter of individual choice and experience. Some drug users swear by cocaine as the sexiest chemical around, and recommend not only snorting it but also putting a line or two on the very tip of your cock before you begin fucking.

Ex-hooker Margo St. James prefers a little grass and maybe one drink, rejecting coke and Quaaludes on the grounds that she's a "pure liver—I like sex, and I don't want to be frozen or too stoned to enjoy it." LSD still has horny adherents, "but don't mess with it for sex unless you've had enough experience with the drug to know what you're doing," cautions one old-time acidhead. Heroin typically dulls one's interest in sex. Generally, the leading "drugs of choice" for American fuckers are marijuana and alcohol.

The best way to be up for sex, of course, is to be in good health and in the company of someone who is exciting to be with and who's just as horny as you are. With two or more such people in your orgy room, how can you miss?

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Blue	#6536 @ \$30	#6537 @ \$32	#6538 @ \$35	#6539 @ \$45
Orange	#6540 @ \$30	#6541 @ \$32	#6542 @ \$35	#6543 @ \$45
Light Blue	#6560 @ \$30	#6561 @ \$32	#6562 @ \$35	#6563 @ \$45
White	#6564 @ \$30	#6565 @ \$32	#6566 @ \$35	#6567 @ \$45
Pink	#6568 @ \$30	#6569 @ \$32	#6570 @ \$35	#6571 @ \$45
Purple	#6572 @ \$30	#6573 @ \$32	#6574 @ \$35	#6575 @ \$45
Yellow	#6576 @ \$30	#6577 @ \$32	#6578 @ \$35	#6579 @ \$45
Green	#6580 @ \$30	#6581 @ \$32	#6582 @ \$35	#6583 @ \$45
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LOS ANGELES

Ambassador Hotel

THE ASSASSINATION OF ROBERT F. KENNEDY

Is Bobby's Killer Still Loose?

Shortly after midnight on June 5, 1968, Senator Robert F. Kennedy climbed the stage of the Embassy Room in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles to claim victory in the crucial California primary. He had beaten Senator Eugene McCarthy convincingly and was brimming with confidence as he flashed the V sign and exhorted, "On to Chicago! And let's win there!" Then he headed for a press headquarters set up in an adjacent room. Most of the reporters were convinced that the magic Kennedy name and the rising tide of antiwar sentiment would sweep him over Richard Nixon into the White House.

Due to the crush of supporters in the Embassy Room, Kennedy detoured through a pantry after leaving the stage. Suddenly a short, swarthy young man jumped into his path and be-

gan firing a pistol. RFK threw up his hands as if to protect his face, then fell backward onto the floor, his arms askew. Aides pounced upon the assailant, who managed to get off several more shots before being subdued.

We—the authors of this article—listened to the news bulletins with disbelief. Turner had campaigned for Congress in San Francisco in the same Democratic primary, with Christian as his manager, on a platform of reopening the John F. Kennedy case. (We lost in a tight race.) The final line of our campaign brochure was now horrifyingly prescient: "To do less not only is indecent but might cost us the life of a future President of John Kennedy's instincts."

The timing was almost surreal, coming at the moment that

Report by William W. Turner & Jonn G. Christian

The authors of this investigative report collaborated on The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy: A Searching Look at the Conspiracy and Cover-up, 1968-1978 (Random House, \$12.95), the product

of ten years of research into the RFK murder. At press time there is speculation that a new legal inquiry will be conducted as a result of the work done by Turner and Christian.



Robert Kennedy figured to become President—and thus in a position to command a tough new investigation into his brother's murder. RFK had never really believed that Lee Harvey Oswald had acted alone. In the wake of Dallas he had instructed Daniel P. Moynihan, a trusted member of the Kennedy inner circle (and now junior senator from New York), to mount a private inquiry into whether or not Jimmy Hoffa was involved or the Secret Service bought off. No evidence of either was found. In the ensuing years RFK kept posted on such developments as Jim Garrison's probe in New Orleans. He was, associates confided, biding his time until he controlled the Justice Department. In 1978, RFK's biographer—Dr. Arthur Schlesinger—confirmed these suspicions.

But the circumstances of RFK's own shooting hardly lent substance to the notion of a conspiracy. The suspect, an unemployed Palestinian immigrant named Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, had fired in full view of scores of persons in the pantry, and it seemed a classic "smoking gun" case. Speculation quickly spread that Sirhan was a free-lance Arab terrorist out to take revenge on Kennedy for his support of Israel.

No outsider knew that this simple scenario was discredited almost immediately when Los Angeles County Coroner Dr. Thomas T. Noguchi conducted his autopsy. Noguchi found that RFK had been struck by three shots, all entering from the rear. The fatal bullet had entered behind the right ear and coursed upward into his brain. Powder burns indicated it had been fired point-blank from a distance of no more than one to three inches. But witnesses agreed that Sirhan had not gotten closer than two to three feet to Kennedy from the front. Sirhan could not have fired the fatal shot.

Upon testifying behind closed doors to the grand jury that indicted Sirhan, Noguchi was approached by an assistant DA who suggested that he had really meant one to three feet, not inches. But Noguchi wouldn't budge. When he subsequently attempted to hold the coroner's inquest usually called for in cases of suspicious death, the District Attorney's Office and the Los Angeles Police Department denied him access to the ballistics evidence.

With a systematic cover-up under way, the press was left to publish laments about the random violence afflicting American society and follow Sirhan's progress through the criminal-justice system. It was not until four weeks after RFK's assassination that we got our first strong whiff that the hapless

suspect in an isolation cell had not single-handedly altered the course of history. It came with a phone call from prominent San Francisco attorney George T. Davis, who had been our honorary campaign chairman.

Davis could barely suppress his excitement. A longtime client had bumped into Sirhan on election eve, and as a result the client had received calls warning him to keep quiet. "The Los Angeles authorities won't provide protection," Davis said. "They've taken the position there's no conspiracy, so there's no real threat to my client's life." Davis wanted Turner, with his FBI experience, to size up the story, and Christian, as an ex-ABC newsman, to break it in the press to minimize the danger.

The client turned out to be a self-ordained preacher named Jerry Owen, who billed himself as "The Walking Bible" because of his ability to quote 31,173 verses of the Scriptures. A bulky, ham-fisted man, in the 1930s he had been a sparring partner of heavyweight champion Max Baer and a Hollywood bit actor before a flash of inspiration sent him on the evangelical trail. Owen lived in Orange County, south of Los Angeles, where he traded horses as a sideline to his ministry.

As Turner's tape recorder rolled, Owen told an intricate tale of picking up Sirhan and a companion hitchhiking the day before the California primary election. Sirhan talked about working at a race track and being in the market for a lead pony. The preacher offered to sell him a palomino for \$300. Sirhan had Owen stop at the rear entrance to the Ambassador Hotel so he could "see a friend in the kitchen." Others entered the negotiations: the hitchhiking companion, a third man and a woman. The upshot was that the preacher was to deliver the horse to the Ambassador's rear entrance the following night at 11. Sirhan would have the money then. (Four crisp \$100 bills were found in his pocket after his arrest.)

However, Owen said he couldn't be there because he had an out-of-town preaching engagement. The next day he recognized Sirhan on television and went straight to the LAPD "like a good citizen." He felt that he nearly had been duped into being a getaway driver.

The story reeked of conspiracy, of course; but was it true? Davis finally prodded the LAPD into sending up two top investigators attached to Special Unit Senator (SUS), the elite squad created for the RFK case. They were Lieutenant Manuel Pena, a veteran detective who controlled the thrust of the investigation, and Sergeant Enrique Hernandez, a polygraph operator. We

later learned that both had served tours of duty with the CIA in Latin America.

Pena and Hernandez grilled Owen, trying to get him to admit the palomino-purchase story was false. They gave him a polygraph test and told lawyer Davis that his client "blew the box" (failed). Owen was just trying to grab some cheap publicity, they said. With that the LAPD closed the book on "The Walking Bible."

Although his story was patently flawed, Owen nonetheless seemed genuinely frightened. We suspected that he had, in fact, known Sirhan but in some way other than he claimed. The publicity motive made no sense. The only news dispatch that had gone out before the LAPD clamped a muzzle on the preacher referred to him as "Mr. X"—at his insistence. The only thing certain was that Owen uncharacteristically didn't want his name in the papers—at least not in connection with the RFK assassination.

Since, in our opinion, the LAPD had defaulted, we began our own inquiry. We learned that the roving preacher had been in brushes with the law from coast to coast. We discovered that the church where he supposedly preached on primary night was closed. [*Editor's Note: Under oath in a court case, Owen insisted that investigators had checked the wrong Calvary Church.*] We were informed by one of his closest colleagues, the Reverend Jonothan Perkins [associated with Gerald L. K. Smith's anti-Semitic Christian Nationalist Crusade] that Owen had been in Los Angeles with a horse and trailer on primary day, saying he was waiting to complete a sale.

"You mean he was supposed to meet Sirhan at the Ambassador the night of the election?" Christian asked Perkins.

"Oh, yes, the night Kennedy was shot," Perkins confirmed.

In early 1969, Sirhan Sirhan was convicted of first-degree murder in one of the quietest major trials ever. Neither side even hinted at conspiracy. The prosecution's case was damningly simple: Sirhan had been caught in the act, and premeditation was evident from the hand-scribbled entries in his notebooks, such as "Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated before 5 June '68." The defense tried to spare him the death penalty by proving "diminished capacity"—insanity. Its star witness was Dr. Bernard Diamond, a well-regarded psychiatrist, who testified that Sirhan was so susceptible to hypnosis that he could be made to climb the bars of his cell like a monkey. Diamond proposed

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"You're right . . . Christmas is becoming too damn commercial."

A man with a mustache, wearing a red and black robe with white stripes on the sleeves, stands in a room with woven walls. He is holding a knife and a piece of fruit. In the background, there is a large green plant. The room is decorated with woven baskets and a hammock.

Quiet Village

ROOTS OF PASSION








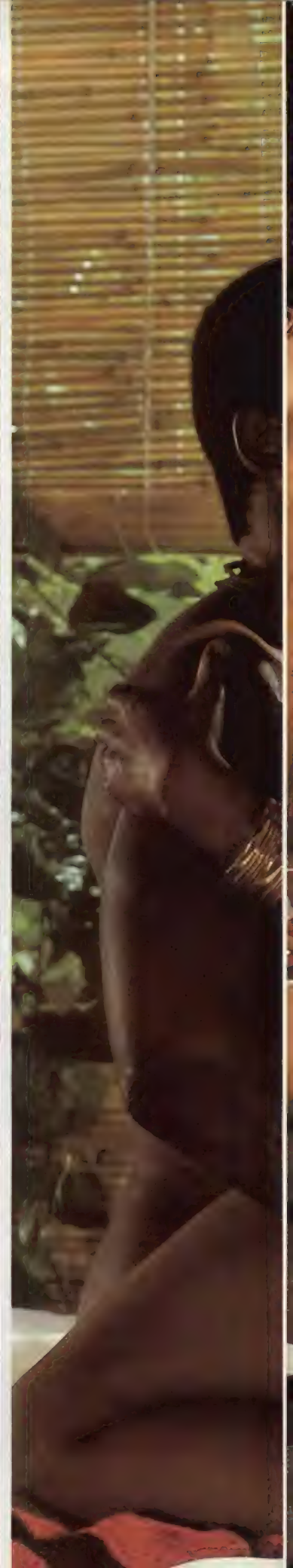
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Beyond the hut a parrot caws to its mate through the trees, and the African winds rustle the elephant grass. Inside, a dusky young chieftain fingers over supper of passion fruit with a princess from a nearby village. Suddenly the beat of distant drums arouses their primitive rhythms. This is the eternal call of Mother Africa, deeper than oral history, demanding the rise of passions like spring sap in healthy ebony trees. Stronger than a witch doctor's brew, the primal drums bring the royal couple's blood to a boil.

Later the drums ease their beat, and black heat cools in the evening breeze. The dark continent will soon resound once more with the rhythms of lust, but for now the winds are silent, and the ebony pair savor the sweet lull of the quiet jungle village.









RFK ASSASSINATION

(continued from page 36)

that Sirhan was in a self-induced trance when he shot Kennedy, and noted that the defendant was "subject to bizarre, dissociated trances, in some of which he programmed himself to be the instrument of assassination."

Despite the tranquillity inside the courtroom, rumors of conspiracy had swirled around the case from the start. At the end of the trial District Attorney Evelle J. Younger felt compelled to issue a statement that all allegations of a plot had been "investigated in depth" and "discredited." But Younger apparently was insecure with his own conclusion, for he overreacted when challenged. When KHJ radio newsman Art Kevin went on the air with a series of "unanswered questions," including the Jerry Owen angle and the polka-dot-dress-girl mystery, Younger was so incensed that he lifted Kevin's press privileges. (The DA backed down when KHJ management threatened to make a public issue of it.)

Younger and the LAPD had had a devil of a time trying to bury the polka-dot-dress girl, who had materialized within minutes of the shooting while a young RFK supporter named Sandy Serrano was being interviewed on the NBC television network. As a hushed throng milled about the scene, Serrano told how she was sitting on the stairs of an emergency exit to escape the stifling heat of the Embassy Room when a young woman with a "funny nose" and wearing a dress with polka dots brushed past her and slipped through the door. She was accompanied by two short, swarthy young men. A short time later, after hearing what sounded like automobile backfires, the same woman and one of the men scurried back down the stairs shouting, "We shot him! We shot him! We killed Kennedy!" The missing man, Serrano would say later, was a dead ringer for Sirhan.

Vincent DiPierro, a waiter who had been in the pantry when the shooting broke out, gave police a statement that dovetailed with Serrano's. DiPierro said he noticed Sirhan lurking by a tray stacker only because "there was a very good-looking girl next to him." They appeared to be together. She had an odd nose and wore a "kind of lousy" polka-dot dress. "Together they were both smiling," DiPierro related. "As he got down, he was smiling. In fact, the minute the first two shots were fired, he still had a very sick-looking smile on his face."

The polka-dot-dress girl haunted Lieutenant Manuel Pena of Special

Unit Senator. As Chief of Detectives Robert A. Houghton later recounted: "Manny Pena knew that as long as Miss Serrano stuck to her story, no amount of independent evidence would, in itself, serve to dispel the polka-dot-dress-girl fever, which had by now, in the press and public mind, reached a high point on the thermometer of intrigue."

So Serrano was singled out for special SUS treatment. As Houghton told it, Pena asked Sergeant Enrique Hernandez what he was doing for dinner that night, and suggested he might like to take Sandra Serrano out for an SUS-bought dinner."

When wining and dining failed to produce the desired results, Hernandez took Serrano down to police headquarters and put her on the polygraph. The burly detective demanded to know when her "pack of mistruths" had gotten out of hand. In the intimidating surroundings the young lady was soon whipped. Sobbing, she conceded that she had heard other witnesses talking at Rampart Station after the shooting, and "maybe that's what I'm supposed to have seen."

Serrano was conceding the impossible, since she had described the incident on television *before* she and other witnesses were bundled off to Rampart. But the SUS wrote her off, and now only Vincent DiPierro remained. It was important not to shred the waiter's credibility, however, because he was scheduled to testify at Sirhan's trial. Hernandez broached the possibility of mistaken identity, and in fact had someone in mind. She was a pretty coed named Valerie Schulte, who had presented herself to the police on just that possibility. Apart from the polka-dot dress, however, Schulte's overall description didn't match Serrano's at all: She had been hobbled by an ankle-to-waist cast at the assassination scene. But DiPierro went along with the identification. "There was so much confusion that night," he told Hernandez.

With that, Chief Houghton declared, "SUS closed the vexing case of the polka-dot-dress girl." But it has not stayed closed. FBI documents released in 1976 reveal that no fewer than four additional witnesses spotted Sirhan with a girl of that description inside the hotel. In addition, LAPD Sergeant Paul Sharaga, who drove the first patrol car to respond to the shooting and who set up a command post in the hotel's parking lot, recently divulged how her existence was suppressed even within the LAPD.

Sharaga, who is now retired, recounted that as soon as he wheeled into the lot an older couple ran up to him.

"They related that they were outside one of the doors to the Embassy Room," he said, "when a young couple in their early 20s came rushing out. This couple seemed to be in a state of glee, shouting, 'We shot him! We shot him! We killed him!'" Sharaga immediately radioed an all-points bulletin for two suspects, but he was soon approached by LAPD Inspector John Powers, who insisted, "We don't want to make a federal case out of it. We've got the suspect in custody." Powers then canceled the APB himself.

The sergeant wrote up a detailed report on the incident and personally delivered it to the SUS. Two weeks later, when he looked for the file copies at Rampart Station, they were missing. "I inquired from SUS if there was some reason why they came to Rampart and disposed of the copies," Sharaga said, "and their attitude was that they didn't even know what I was talking about."

Shortly after Sirhan's trial we finally got a break on the Jerry Owen angle. On New Year's Eve 1968, Los Angeles County sheriff's deputies had arrested 17-year-old John Chris Weatherly on auto-theft charges. Weatherly tried to bargain by supplying a tip on the RFK assassination. According to the deputies' report, the youth had been told by an Orange County stables owner named Bill Powers and another cowboy that a preacher and Sirhan Sirhan had borrowed Powers's pickup truck "to take a horse to Los Angeles for sale the day of the Kennedy murder; that when the preacher returned, Sirhan was not with him, but he still had the horse, said he couldn't sell it in L.A."

The report quoted Weatherly as saying the preacher was hostile to Kennedy because if the war was stopped, "the Vietnamese would come to this country via Honolulu or Hawaii, and God would get angry and cause a tidal wave."

The Sheriff's Department dispatched this explosive report to the SUS, which interrogated Weatherly and did a follow-up investigation. But the SUS handled it like a military secret, and not a word about it leaked during Sirhan's trial. The report came into our possession through sheer luck, when the SUS inadvertently stuck it in with an unclassified document.

Bill Powers was a cowboy straight out of a Marlboro ad: rawboned, laconic — and thoroughly believable. He told us that he operated Wild Bill's Stables, not far from Owen's home, and that the preacher often bought bundles of hay for his horses. The preacher had also bought an old pickup truck from him, but, being short of cash, owed \$300 on

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ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET

Synthetic Guru of the '80s

On Easter Sunday 1974, Jesus the Christ was scheduled to address a multitude in the City of Angels. Jesus appeared in the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Jesus wore an immaculate white gown, and She wore an amethyst in Her ear. Meet Elizabeth Clare Prophet, "The Messenger," "The Mother of the Flame" or just plain "Guru Ma." Slim, attractive and about 40, she is a spiritual leader on the rise—a guru on the make. And when she says she "speaks" for Jesus, for Mother Mary and for the Buddha . . . she *means it*! Literally. She claims these (and scores of other) divinities actually speak to the living *through her*!

Jesus, Mary and Buddha are only three of a host of supposed "Ascended Masters" who employ Elizabeth Prophet as a messianic megaphone. She claims they also write books for her—deigning to have their "dictations" recorded on tape—and they pose for paintings. Her Church Universal and Triumphant, Inc., a nonprofit, tax-exempt corporation registered in Montana, sells these and a series of other items for the spiritual edification of her followers. In California, Guru Ma's Summit University offers classes in do-it-yourself resurrection, God-government, alchemy and cosmic astrology. It was here that Elizabeth Prophet presented the "Second Coming of Jesus Christ," at an Easter convocation in 1978, charging \$38 a head to attend. It is a profitable business.

Summit University and its parent organization, the Church Universal and Triumphant, represent one of the fastest-growing cult movements in America. It is also one of the most outlandish. Prophet, wearing expensive jewelry, silk gowns, violet eye shadow and Hindu beads, claims to represent a great synthesis of East and West. She also claims to represent the "lost civilizations" of Atlantis and Lemuria. And she claims that, through a "special dispensation," she can teach her students how to "ascend"—bodily—just like Jesus did.

"When I talk to students," Elizabeth once told a San Francisco radio audience, "I find that many people are not really aware that you can ascend in this life." In fact, she added, "You can wind up all of your previous incarnations which have been going on for hundreds of thousands of years. . . . It's the solution to the problem of life."

Neighbors have called her teachings "satanic." The *Los Angeles Times* tactfully labeled them "eclectic," and a United States prosecuting attorney once called the whole retinue of Ascended Masters part of a "flim-flam scheme that has been

unparalleled in history." Say what they will, there's no denying the success of Prophet's ventures.

Recently Summit University relocated to a \$5.6-million, 218-acre site in the Malibu hills, near Los Angeles. A posh move. This spectacular new venue (previously owned by the Roman Catholic Order of the Claretians and leased to St. Thomas Aquinas College) has been rechristened "Camelot." Camelot is the new operational base for the Church Universal and Triumphant, an expanding phenomenon that operates temples in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Boulder, Colorado Springs, Minneapolis, Chicago, New York, Washington, D.C., and (strange but true!) Accra, Ghana. Moreover, Prophet's messages are as near as your telephone in 53 cities in 29 states and Canada.

What is it that makes Prophet's message so compelling to so many followers? She has reconciled doctrinal schisms more adroitly than any previous ecumenicist; she has scooped the attractions of Catholicism, Protestantism, Buddhism, Hinduism and Transcendentalism into one great grab bag of salvation. She has even garnished the potpourri with pinches of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Immanuel Velikovsky and Maria Montessori. But the *piece de resistance* is her concept of the Ascended Masters, those who have "gone to Earth's schoolrooms, mastered the lessons . . . mastered time and space, and ascended into the plane of the God Presence." The Ascended Masters are "people just like us."

Besides Jesus, His mother Mary and the great Lord Buddha, the two great Ascended Masters for whom Elizabeth speaks are El Morya and Saint Germain. At public functions, however, there are usually only two paintings hung for adoration: Jesus on one side, Saint Germain on the other. In truth, Saint Germain (a legendary 18th-century gadabout known to some as "The Man Who Wouldn't Die") is the patron saint of Elizabeth Clare Prophet's gig.

According to the official Church "profile," the mysterious protector of the Church Universal and Triumphant goes way back, all the way to the temples of Atlantis, where, supposedly, he was a priest. He is also pegged as "the seventh angel" prophesied in Revelations (10:7) and is listed as founder of the Royal House of Hungary. He was said to have been the prophet Samuel (later Uncle Sam), Joseph (Mary's husband), Saint Alban, Merlin the Magician and Christopher Columbus.

Embodied as Francis Bacon in 1561, he allegedly translated the King James Version of the Bible, authored the complete

PROFILE BY GAR SMITH

Illustration by Keith Batcheller

works of Shakespeare, feigned death and attended his own funeral. On May 1, 1684, he won his "ascension," having made, as Prophet quotes him, "2 million right decisions."

He elected to be reincarnated one last time as Comte de Saint Germain, "The Wonderman of Europe." A master alchemist, linguist and musician, he devised a magic potion of youth, unearthed the philosopher's stone, precipitated gems from thin air, and sealed flaws in diamonds.

In the political arena Saint Germain reportedly warned Louis XV about (and tried to prevent) the coming French Revolution, and later sponsored Napoleon. He also aided the American Revolution, inspired the U.S. Constitution, designed the flag and, at 5:00 p.m. on July 4, 1776, broke the deadlock at Independence Hall when he shouted from a balcony. "Sign that document!" He stood by General George Washington at Valley Forge and "anointed" him President.

A list of some of the hundreds of Ascended Masters who back up Saint Germain and who speak through Elizabeth Clare Prophet reads like roll call at Marvel Comics. Captain America and the Incredible Hulk may have finally met their match. Among the cult's Masters one finds: The Great Divine

Director; Lady Master Leto; The Queen of Light; Archangel Michael; God and Goddess Meru; Zarathustra; The Great Silent Watcher; Pallas Athena; Hilarion; Ray-O-Light; Hercules; Neptune; Faith, Hope and Charity; and K-17, "the code name for the Ascended Master at the head of the Cosmic Secret Service." (Apparently there's danger in Paradise, and the cherubs are wired for sound!)

Guru Ma's cosmic retinue also claims such recent Ascendees as Pope John XXIII and John Kennedy, but the most notable Master is Mark L. Prophet, Elizabeth's deceased husband, who founded the parent organization, the Summit Lighthouse, in 1958. Mark died suddenly in 1973 and reappeared (to the relief of his adoring followers) as the Ascended Master Lanello, Ever-Present Guru and aide-de-camp to K-17.

Don't laugh. A lot of people are coming to believe that Elizabeth Prophet—a photogenic, hazel-eyed redhead with an attractive, slightly buck-toothed smile—is the World Mother, is a manifestation of "The Coming Buddha Who Has Come" and is, in fact, the fulfillment of the prophecy of St. John—i.e., the "woman whose dress was the sun" who will give birth to the Divine Manchild (Revelations 12:1-5).

"Membership is growing so rapidly

we can hardly keep track of it," said Summit University press officer Doug Kenyon as hundreds of devotees flocked to the Pasadena campus for 1978's four-day Easter spectacular. "It's difficult to give precise numbers," Kenyon hedged amiably, but he estimated "some 20,000 people are aware of the Teachings and follow them worldwide."

As young and old arrived at the Administration Building, dragging duffel bags and suitcases, they radiated what they believe is the special joy of the True Belief. "It's great," the refrain runs, "because it spills over into all religions. One is All and All is One."

Some critics of "Mother" Prophet and her church point to parallels with the Unification Church of Korean-born munitions-maker, former sex-cultist and spiritual "Father" Sun Myung Moon. Prophet dismisses the comparison with the observation that the Church Universal and Triumphant is much more "open" about its activities. The truth is, however, that while there may or may not be Ascended Masters in the ethereal realm, there most certainly are some ghosts in the closet.

Prophet's teachings scarcely mention the fact that the Church Universal and Triumphant is only the latest, albeit the most successful, flag-bearer of "The Mighty I AM," a notorious and discredited cult movement of the 1930s.

In this earlier incarnation Saint Germain and the Ascended Masters brought considerable power and fortune to Guy and Edna Ballard. The Ballards were eventually brought to trial by the federal government, charged with 18 counts of mail fraud and conspiracy. The Ballards netted an estimated \$3 million before the feds got wise and put a stop to the labors of what one U.S. prosecuting attorney called "the most successful fakers in... the history of fakery." Five years later U.S. Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, hearing the case on appeal, would concur. "I can find in their teachings," Jackson wrote in 1945, "nothing but humbug untainted by any trace of truth."

The strange tale of The Mighty I AM offers vivid witness to the Three Great Axioms of False Prophecy: (1) Good Scams Never Die; they are "born again"; (2) Faith Can Move Millions; and (3), to paraphrase P. T. Barnum, "There's a Seeker Born Every Minute."

To really understand where Guru Ma is coming from let us turn the clock back to 1930, when, as Richard Mathison writes in his book *God Is a Millionaire*, Guy Ballard (alias Ray Richards, alias Godfre Ray-King) founded "one of the



"Look, Joseph—he's taking his first steps!"

(continued on page 107)



Trosley.




Photography by James Baes



Dana
Poolside Reporter



A full-page photograph of a woman with a surprised or shouting expression, her mouth wide open. She is wearing a white towel cap and has red nail polish on her fingers. Her skin is glistening, suggesting she is wet. She is holding a small object in her right hand near her mouth. The background is dark and out of focus.

■ 1
After five days of covering the courthouse beat for a Georgia newspaper, Dana spends her weekends unwinding beside the pool. She takes invigorating swims, then stretches in the sun to dry and relax. "This is where I collect my thoughts," she says, uncoiling her long, firm legs. "No clattering typewriters, no city-room bustle—just the gentle lapping of water."

Dana believes a woman should develop her mind and her body. She confesses that she's no Madame Curie or Barbara Walters, but "I read everything I can get my hands on, and I keep a diary to sharpen my writing skills." She modestly adds that she doesn't think she's pretty either, but she cultivates what charms she has. "To me, a brainy girl who lets her body go to pot is just as pathetic as a raving beauty with a hollow head."

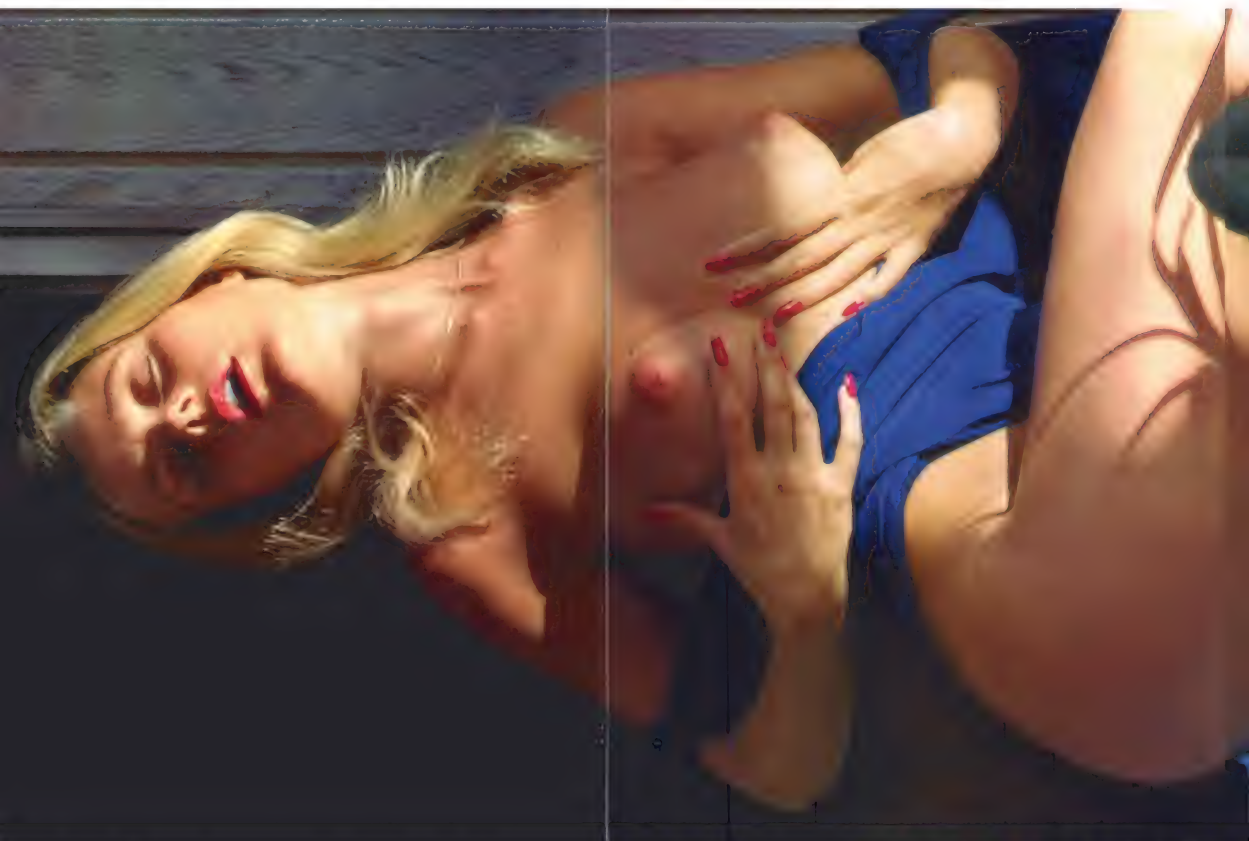
According to Dana's philosophy, both health and intelligence make for better sex. "I'm a marathon lover, and I'm imaginative enough to be a little kinky. For instance, I like to fuck standing up. I lean back while my man supports me, then wrap my legs around him and let my hair touch the floor when I come."

Dana says, "I stopped being a little girl many years ago." We think it was a change for the best.





HUSTLER'S HONEY · JANUARY 1979











IMPORTANT—REMOVE
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Three men of the cloth—a Catholic priest, a Baptist minister and a rabbi—were counting collections taken during services for the week. They were trying to come up with an equitable way to divide the money between God (the two churches and one synagogue) and themselves (the clerics' weekly income).

The priest was the first to speak: "I know what! I'll draw a line down the middle of the sanctuary, toss the money up in the air, and whatever falls on the right side of the line is for God and whatever falls on the left side is for us."

The Baptist minister cried, "No! No! No! I'll draw a circle in the middle of the sanctuary, toss the money up in the air, and whatever falls inside the circle is for God and whatever falls outside the circle is for us."

The rabbi then asked the two other men to accompany him outside. There he offered this suggestion: "What I would do with the money is this: Toss it up in the air, and whatever God catches is His and whatever falls on the ground is ours."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *hit and run* as: a cock-tail made with equal parts of vodka and prune juice.

Just the other day a fried-chicken restaurant chain diversified its operations and bought a funeral home. Now when you bring a departed relative in for cremation, you have a choice of regular or extra crispy.

O'Reilly, a feisty old sailor, was in the hospital with a broken leg. One day, with nothing better to do, he watched the nurse as she made her way through the ward, taking everyone's temperature. The man in the bed next to O'Reilly had a broken jaw, so the nurse took his temperature rectally. After taking a reading, she put the thermometer into a glass and moved on to O'Reilly.

"Wait a minute, girl," he said. "I saw where you put that thing!"

"But, sir," the nurse replied. "You've got nothing to worry about; I had it in 90-percent alcohol."

"That may be, sister," the old sailor said, "but you just took it out of 100-percent ass!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *drip dry* as: too short to shake.

Two Polacks purchased a bird dog. They took the dog out to give it a try. After a long while one Polack said to the other, "Well, we'll throw him up in the air one more time. If he doesn't fly, we'll shoot the son of a bitch!"

There was once an old German couple. The wife had been attending women's lib meetings, where she had heard about the joys of cunnilingus. She returned home and told her old man that she wanted him to go down on her. Surprised, he replied, "This I vill not do."

The old hausfrau looked up at him and demanded, "This you must do, or the marriage is kaput."

Left with no choice, the old man went down on his wife. She hadn't douched in about 15 years, and the smell was unbearable. As he was tediously working at her aged gash, the old woman suddenly farted. Her husband looked up and said gratefully, "Thank God for a breath of fresh air!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *crushed fruit* as: two-dozen homosexuals jammed into a Volkswagen Beetle.

Young Jesus asked the lady next door if little Lazarus could come out and play. "Why, Jesus," said the boy's mother, "you know little Lazarus doesn't have any arms or legs."

"That's OK," said Jesus. "I'll give him some."

During a big fire downtown the firemen were having a bit of trouble. A woman was stuck on the fourth floor with her baby. The fire-fighters instructed her to toss the child out the window, under which they had placed a net, but the mother refused.

Things looked grim until a tall, well-built black man burst through the crowd and shouted up to the woman. He said that he was a professional football player and that he could catch the baby safely. After a few minutes more of reassurances by the man, the mother finally let her child drop.

The football player made a breathtaking catch, and everybody cheered. At that moment the man suddenly raised the child high in the

air, spiked it on the ground and screamed, "Touchdown!"

A girl dressed in a long ragged dress and a hood was walking down a dark street. Without warning, she was accosted by a biker, who dragged her into an alley and raped her. When the rapist had finished, he gloated, "Now, bitch, you know what it's like to fuck a real man!"

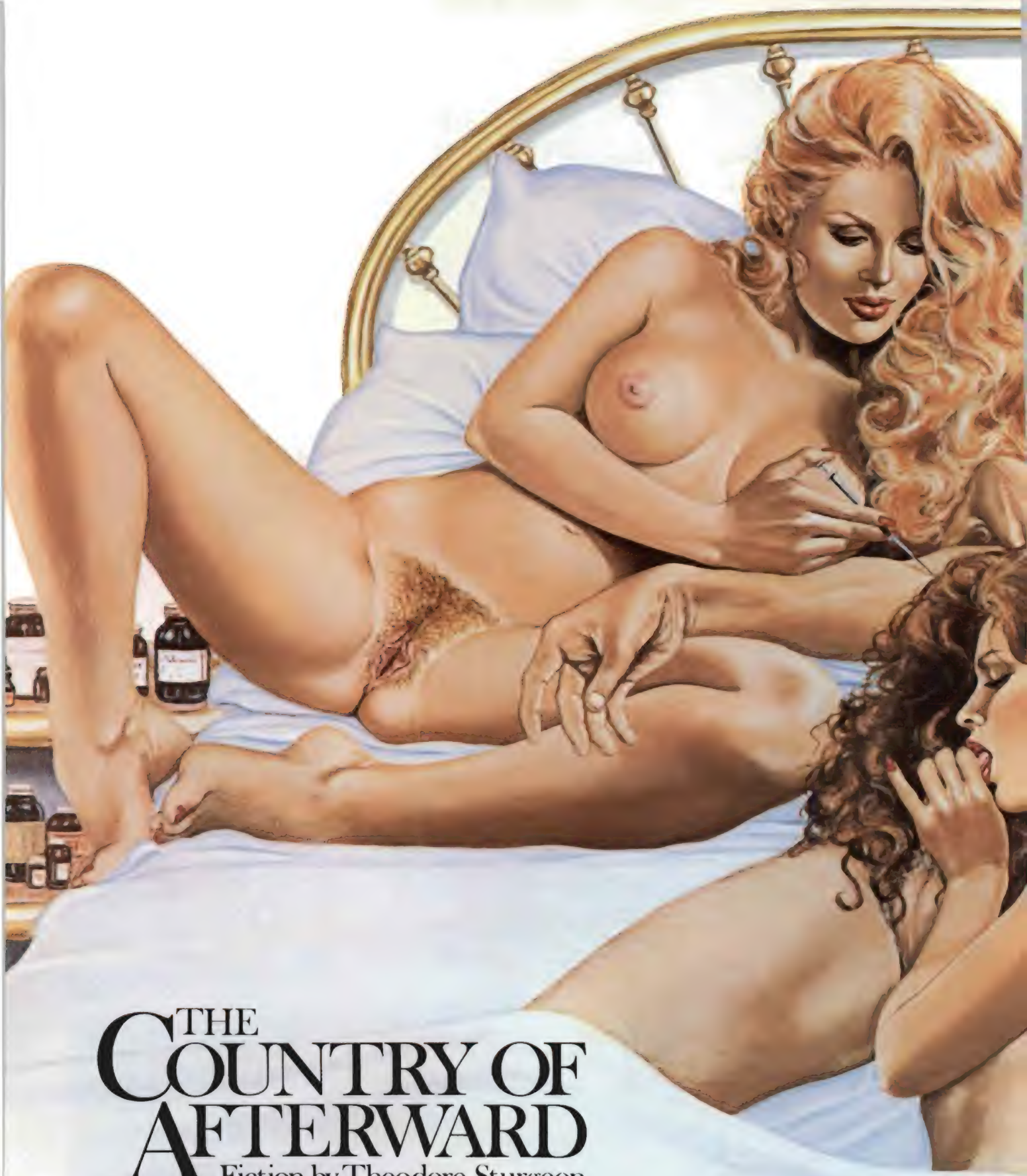
Pulling her hood back from her face, the girl replied, "Now, asshole, you know what it's like to fuck a leper!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$25. Sorry, we can't return submissions.



CHESTER & HESTER





THE COUNTRY OF AFTERWARD

Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon

"Those bastards," said Mr. Michaelmas, "will knuckle under or so help me, I'll have their goddamn plant burned down to the ground."

Joe Flagg looked nervously across the big boardroom, where the opposition was huddled around their accountant.



"They'll hear us," he cautioned unnecessarily; there were chances a man like Michaelmas just wouldn't take. Then: "Why be so hard-nosed, Mike? We can carry them for a long time with the stock we already hold and never feel it... at least until they get their new line out. They have a hell of a process there."

"I told you, don't call me Mike. Hell of a process, yes, and they are using it for what? Museum reproductions, for God's sake! They will release that stock, they will give us control, we will shut them down, we will take that process, and we will make toilet seats. That is the way it will go, Mister Flagg, and if it doesn't, we will blow them away."

At his own peril, Joe Flagg ignored the "Mister"—a danger signal. "You're costing a lot of good people a lot of jobs, you know."

Mr. Michaelmas took a gold key out of his vest pocket. "I'm going to take a piss, Flagg. Hold on to the thought that while I am in there I am pissing on your bleeding heart." Teeth closing on his lower lip, Joe Flagg watched the chairman of the board head for his personal private rest room.

Mr. Michaelmas always enjoyed the effect of the self-closing door of his rest room—silent, solid, certain, with a pulse of pressure in his eardrums accompany-

ing the discreet click of the latch. It suited his taste for impregnability, just as it suited him to churn up as many noisy suds as he cared to with the conviction that nothing could be heard outside.

These very suds utterly concealed the faint whisper of the shower curtain, so that his first knowledge that he was not alone came when a velvet-cool hand slipped up between his legs and enclosed his penis, and a cool, velvet voice said, "Nice. Very nice."

Mr. Michaelmas stood transfixed for a moment, watching a blaze of shock behind his eyes. The moment lasted long enough for two fondles and a squeeze from the little hand before he could turn around.

As he turned, she rose from her one knee and stood against him smiling—a long-eyed girl with a fine fall of hair.

He gasped, "Who the hell are you?"

"Apricot," she said; and her skin was peach, and she wore a yellow dress, but indeed her hair was apricot. She slid a hand up and around to the nape of his neck, and so great was his shock that he hardly felt the tiny scratch there; and she flung both arms tight around him and held him with his arms trapped against his sides. He tried to inhale to shout, but she anticipated him with a powerful squeeze, so that all that came

out was a hoarse "What the hell is this?"

She tipped her head back so he could see her smiling face. "This is a kidnapping, Mr. Michaelmas." He tried to struggle, whimpering, and found to his horror that his efforts were noticeably weaker. He began to feel the scratch on the back of his neck, and from it, increasing waves of nausea and weakness, matching his pounding pulse. With an enchanting quirk at one corner of her mouth, Apricot said, "You are about to experience two perfect snatches, Mr. Michaelmas: yours, and mine."

She swung him around like an oversized doll, propped him against the wall and confidently released him. Holding his sagging body upright with one firm elbow in his solar plexus, she produced a plastic glove from her cleavage and worked it over her left hand. With this she reached over his head and turned the T-handle of the window latch.

The heavy steel-framed window, hinged at the top, swung open a little; she caught it and drew it toward her, and immediately two leather loops fell into the room and dangled. On one of these hung a broad leather belt. This she removed and draped over her shoulder. She put one of Mr. Michaelmas's now-flaccid arms through a leather loop, then the other. Then she passed the belt behind him and cinched it tight around his body and upper arms. She gave two sharp tugs to one of the loops, and Mr. Michaelmas instantly began to rise. Apricot with one hand considerably held the window wide as he passed up through it. With her other hand, and with equal consideration, she zipped up his fly as it went by.

In a moment one of the leather slings fell back into the room. Apricot took a turn around her left wrist and let herself be drawn up and out through the window, which she lofted with her foot as she emerged. It swung up and then down, latching with the same solid click as that which Mr. Michaelmas had so much admired.

In a strange place a concentric Mr. Michaelmas was afloat.

The licking began almost immediately. It was part of everything, underlay everything; it was the ambience of being there asleep and awake (as much awake as he was permitted, at first, to be). A long froth of gold across his chest and stomach. A soft rope of brown, a sentient halo of auburn, and again the gold, again the brown, and from time to time the apricot. How count the hours of a dream—and why?

Murmurs, in and out. "Load him with C-6,000 or better. Time-release."





"Bad dog! Baaaaad dog!!"

"Twelve patches should cover the spectrum for now." "It's a good one. How can a man let himself dry up like that? Erectile response not 20 percent of norm!" "Blood sugar too low. Blood pressure too high. No wonder." "Increase niacin 200 migs twice a day until you get a rush. Talk about deficiency...!"

Hours and hours, asleep and a little awake, the licking went on. It felt good.

Visuals. In a dream one can ignore bare breasts and soft female laughter and the sense of caring in mysterious utterances like "Up the E 400 IU and pack in that ginseng." The frequent tender face framed in apricot, cool hand on stubbled cheek. Bright attentive eyes, close and closer, sometimes brown, often green, huge finally and lost in a presbyopic haze as they fall half-hooded and become tactile instead of visual: soft lips against his lips, smooth cheek against his growing stubble.

Growing stubble. How long? Who knows? Who cares! Oh, but it feels good...

Murmur murmur. "Wassermann neg. Gonococci neg. Anaphylaxis neg, except guess what? He's mildly allergic to horses." "So guess what? We're fresh out of horses around here." "Did you say 'horse' or 'whores'?" Tickle of laughter: female, four, five.

Head lifted and cradled; woman-smell. Thick warm soup, delicious, overtone of something... medicine? Thiamine? She wiped his lips with a nipple...

Night. The sleep had been different somehow; unforced. There was a long, soft body beside him in the bed. Over them in the warm room, only a sheet. Soft fingers holding his genitals, gentle, firm, barely pulsating. Cool, velvet voice calling quietly: "Pam..."

Half-awake. Two-thirds-awake. Sheet drawn aside, a gentle cloud of dark, soft silk descending on his stomach and chest, and, oh, lips enclosing the head of his penis while the hand slid downward, a knowing finger pressing on the firm flesh underneath his scrotum, pressing, pressing, while the lips and tongue, the tongue, the lips and tongue...

It came up like pain. It wasn't pain, but it was like that; a flood with a bead leading it, a seed pushed up through a slender pipe. The lips, the tongue, sucked and flicked; warm arms slipped tight around him; other lips surrounded his, and another tongue slipped into his mouth and battled his. The traveling bead approached, exploded outward, and Michaelmas uttered a succession of barks, gasping barks, while coruscations of light sprinkled the insides of his eyes. Then everything began comfortably to

fade. The lips around his penis stilled, held for a while (thank God they had stopped moving; he could not have borne the intensity) and slipped away. The arms around him became gentle; the tongue withdrew from his mouth, though the lips remained on his until his breath quieted, matched the warm currents of the woman who held him.

His vision cleared. He lay on a broad, firm bed, and the woman beside him was Apricot. He didn't have enough tonus left in his drained body to react or to move. All he could do was to speak; all he could say was "Where am I?"

"You are in the Country of Afterward. The very best place in all the world. How do you feel?"

He closed his eyes to consider this, and felt himself rushing so swiftly into total sleep that he snapped them open again. "Who are you?"

"You remember me. Apricot. And this is Pam. She just made you come."

"Finally," said Pam; but she said it kindly, smiling. She patted and stroked his now-shrunken penis affectionately, and then, as if reading the distress from his mind, drew the sheet over it. She pulled up her leg, placed one foot on the edge, rested her chin on the knee and smiled at him. She looked absolutely beautiful. He wrenched his gaze away from her and found that this made him look directly at Apricot, who had now withdrawn from him and was propped up on one elbow, her cascade of extraordinary hair flung back and to the side, not quite covering a breast and permitting a firm little nipple to peer through its curtain. Mr. Michaelmas said, "You! You kidnapped me!"

"That we did," she assured him cheerfully.

"You're not going to get away with it, you know."

"Honey" (and it was said as a real endearment), "we *did* get away with it."

"You know what I mean. These days there's a thousand ways to track you down and nail you. The instant you demand the money, you've lost. Don't you know that?"

"Demand what money?"

"What else would you be kidnapping people for?"

"You'll find out," said Apricot sweetly.

Mr. Michaelmas tried to sit up, but the movement was met immediately by Apricot's rolling toward him, her breasts against his chest. Mr. Michaelmas struggled weakly and uselessly and spit out, "Damn you bitches, you let me the hell out of—" and was then muzzled, muffled, silenced by the soft lips surrounding his.

"You know, Ape," he heard the lovely

(continued on page 90)



"I'll bet you can really freeze your balls off living at the North Pole!!!"

COMRADE NU KEE, THE INFAMOUS PEKING PAINMISTRESS, HAS CAPTURED CUB REPORTER LOIS LOIN AND THREATENS HER WITH THE RED CHINESE DOUCHE TORTURE IN A DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO FIND OUT THE IDENTITY OF...

BEAVERMAN

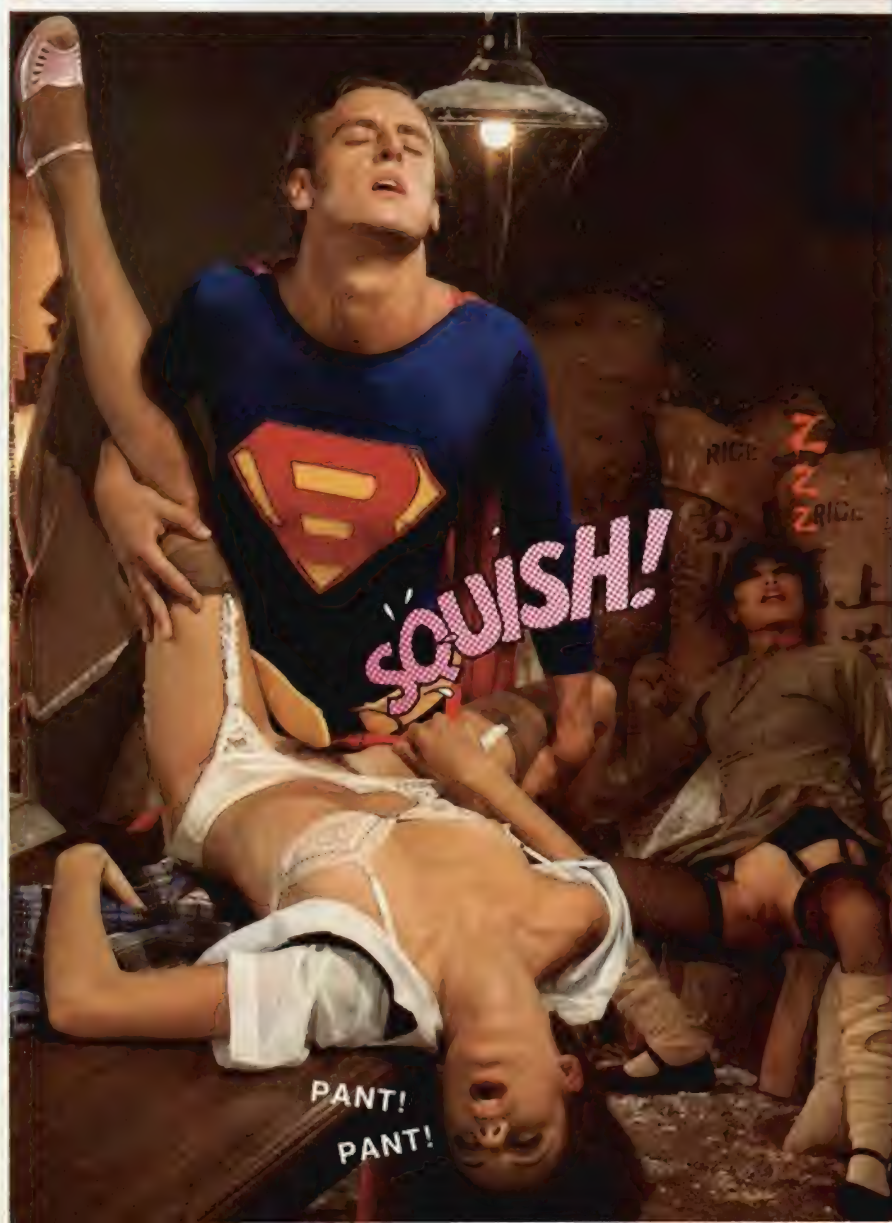


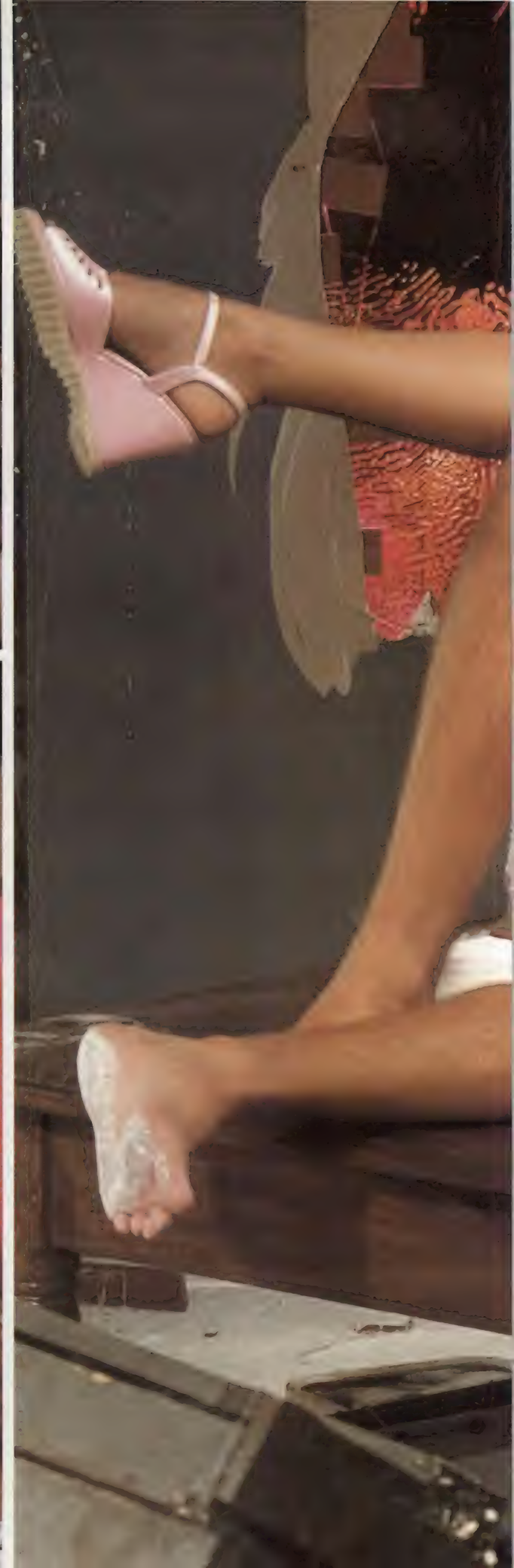
FASTER THAN A **GREASED TURD**
... MORE POWERFUL THAN A
PETERBILT ... ABLE TO LEAP TALL
COMMIES IN A SINGLE BOUND.

CRASHH!!!

主席万岁









SMACK!
SMACK!

≧ GASP ≦

THE PAINMISTRESS, STILL WOOZY, BEGINS COMING AROUND. SHE SENSES **BEAVERMAN'S** HEALTHY **PASSION** AND FORGETS THE REPRESSIVE THOUGHTS OF HER CHAIRMAN.




MY HERO!



RESPONDING TO **BEAVERMAN'S** DEPROGRAMMING INJECTIONS, **NU KEE** WILLINGLY
THROWS OFF THE YOKE OF **MAO-INSPIRED SEXUAL REPRESSION**. THE **YELLOW**
PERIL YIELDS TO ALL-AMERICAN **PINK POWER**, AND **BEAVERMAN** CARRIES OUT HIS
NEVER-ENDING FIGHT FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN WAY!

毛主席万岁

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a white bikini top and dark bottoms, is posing in a suggestive manner. She is leaning back with her mouth open and her hands on her buttocks. In the background, there is a banner with the Chinese text "毛主席万岁" (Long live Chairman Mao) in red characters on a white background, with a green field below the text. The overall scene is set against a dark, textured wall.



SLURP!!

THE END

COUNTRY OF AFTERWARD

(continued from page 80)

Pam say, "that's not the kind of talk we tolerate in the Country of Afterward."

Apricot lifted her mouth away from his long enough to say "You're right, Pam," and came back to him again. He was appalled to find the sheet withdrawn from his lower body, to feel the soft, dark mist of hair flung across his belly, to feel Pam's mouth around his limpness, drawing him in entire. He twisted away from Apricot, crying, "What are you doing? What are you doing?"

Holding him close, her voice soft and cool and fond as ever, she told him: "We're making you come again."

"You can't!"

"Why ever not?"

"I just did!"

"So?"

"I'm 58 years old!" he howled.

"So?"

Exasperated, he fell into a sullen silence. Apricot shifted her weight and got an arm under his shoulders. She lowered her head to his chest. "You'd be astonished," she said conversationally, "how few women know and appreciate the fact that a man has nipples." And she began to tongue them, one and then the other, nip them ever so gently, suck

and stroke them. The sensation was amazing, unnerving, quite unlike anything he had experienced in all his life before; it was almost pain; it was enough, for a while, to distract his attention from the expert application of Pam's mouth down below. Left to its own devices, and temporarily freed from the attention of his inhibitions, his astonished penis found itself: too long to be swallowed whole.

His eyes closed, and this time there was no rush to sleep. He tried to speak, to think, and found both less possible with every breath he drew. And the breaths came more swiftly and deeper, and he became aware of something he had forgotten, oh, years ago... or had he only dreamed it? He couldn't remember, but it was the knowledge that the woman with him was feeling his currents, his surges. What little sex he had allowed himself in his later years—before he had given it up altogether—had been his concern, and not that of the female he happened to be penetrating; but there had been a time... hadn't there? Hadn't there?... When he took joy, took pride in the knowledge that he was pleasuring a woman. Now, now, here and now and *real*, Apricot was trembling with him, sharing a rising current with him, breathing as he deeply breathed, her breath now rustling, now

becoming whispered moans.

And Pam, Pam now working hungrily, thirsting, faster and harder; Pam cried out with a call almost unheard from her busy mouth, but a cry sending its vibrations into and through him through his incredibly rigid, incredibly pulsing rod. Absolutely without his command, his pelvis began thrusting.

"Now!" Apricot gasped, and as if choreographed, Pam withdrew and Apricot rolled completely on top of him, and he found himself plunged deep inside her. His thrusting would not stop, and hers matched and met his strongly; suddenly she reared up, her eyes closed and her mouth in a vertical oval, and she cried out hoarsely, a sound absolutely unlike any he had yet heard from her; and his penis was clutched, released and clutched, clutched again, powerful as a hand, smooth as a predawn lake; and he peaked, they cried out together, and again, and again, and, tenderly less, again, and once more, pleasant and light as the briefest smile, and then a long slide into panting quiet. The cords in his inner thighs thrummed with reaction; the calves of his legs would have knotted had they had the strength; even the soles of his feet tingled.

When he was still, Apricot rolled off him, and the withdrawal wakened him with a gasp. She pulled up a corner of the sheet and wiped the sweat off his brow and cheeks and, gently, his eyelids; it felt good. "This is the Country of Afterward, again," she whispered to him, the echoes of her own panting still in her voice. "There's no place here for anger or meanness or fear. Think about this, and sleep now. Sleep."

All but a dim night-light went out. Mr. Michaelmas heard: "Night, Pammy." And when he turned on his side, he felt Apricot at his back, fitting shin to calf, knee to knee, an arm around his chest, and the small, strong hand spread there, comforting. He slept.

It must have been hours, for he felt totally rested; yet the room was the same, the same dim night-light from somewhere. (But how count time in a dream? and—why?) And there was a new woman in bed with him, larger, stronger, fuller. Somehow he had reversed positions during his sleep, and he lay at her back, nested like spoons, with his arm around her, and his hand up between her breasts. She smelled good.

He was so rested and so comfortable that he forgot for a measureless instant to be afraid, indignant, even to wonder. He must have made some small movement, because her hand slipped over his

(continued on page 121)



"Under ordinary circumstances I'd tear this place apart looking for the guy!"



"Oh, boy. A lump of coal."



FOURTH ANNUAL UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO SEX MAGAZINES

By John Mayall

Most musicians begin their careers when they are still young, and with rare exceptions very few aspirants get a shot at the big time as they approach middle age. Not so with John Mayall, who at 30 entered rock 'n' roll and earned the prestigious title "Father of British Blues." Before entering professional music, Mayall received a degree in design from the Regional College of Art in Manchester, England. For the following ten years he kicked around doing display work for a Manchester department store and later working as a graphic designer and studio manager for various advertising agencies.

But in 1963 his life changed. He entered rock 'n' roll full-time and, as a result, perhaps helped change the course of music history when he became the leader of The Bluesbreakers. During his musical career he has played with and introduced such greats as Eric Clapton and Jack Bruce (later of Cream), John McVie and Mick Fleetwood of Fleetwood Mac, and Aynsley Dunbar, a one-time member of The Mothers of Invention.

Yet there is a more private side to John Brumwell Mayall, which goes beyond the guitarist, singer and harmonica-player familiar to most Americans. John Mayall also owns one of the world's largest pornography collections. When his father died, John inherited the elder Mayall's porn collection. Most of his father's material is limited to postcard-sized black-and-white photographs, comprising a good chunk of French and English Victorian erotica. It took Mayall nearly a year to get all of these into chronological order and categorized. Mayall then began adding to the collection. Currently he owns a full set of *Screw*, a near-complete set of *Playboy*, 40 hours of Lenny Bruce

tapes and at least one copy of every slick on the market.

Keeping the American portion of his collection is easy—he either subscribes to magazines or makes routine trips to the bookstore. (He's lived in the States for nine years.) And when he goes on tour—every two years or so—he updates his European material. "When I bring back my purchases," he told us, "the American Customs people look at these things, and they can't put their finger on it because the material doesn't show cocks and cunts and penetration. Just all this kinky stuff they can't bust you for." And his fabulous collection keeps growing.

As the accompanying photos indicate, John Mayall is one hell of a liberated male. He likes to point out, "I believe in the dignity of man and his own freedom of choice—without guilt—to do whatever he wants to do, providing it doesn't hurt anyone. That includes sex. Sex to me has always been a great deal of fun." Perhaps that is why Mayall's parties can be unusual. When a guest arrives, he or she may find other guests naked. "I feel everybody knows what they're comfortable with. It's not necessary for anyone to get naked at my parties. It doesn't make any difference. As long as everybody's having a relaxed time, meeting other people."

But John Mayall is not so relaxed when he discusses the various porn busts that have occurred in America over the past few years. He understands the motivation behind these arrests. "People who start porn magazines," he says, "and deal with just sex never seem to get busted. But anyone who has an editorial point of view, who does social commentary, is nailed—and sex is the pretext for the bust.

"Larry Flynt, like *Screw's* Al Goldstein, just provoked 'em and provoked 'em. One issue of *HUSTLER* (January 1977) had 'The Most Obscene Photos Ever' printed on the cover, and inside Larry showed Vietnam War photos. That type of thing was why he got busted. People who condone war (and this was Lenny Bruce's platform years ago) go out and kill others. That seems to be OK. Yet you can't show an open-beaver shot! These same people allow burglaries and murders to continue; yet instead they're interested in arresting hookers."

Knowing that Mayall has expertise when it comes to pornography, that he feels at ease with sexuality and that he doesn't mind speaking honestly, from the gut, *HUSTLER* asked him to rate America's sex magazines. As long as we gave him license to present an unbiased assessment, he would be more than glad to rate the slicks. We'd even publish what he had to say about *HUSTLER*.

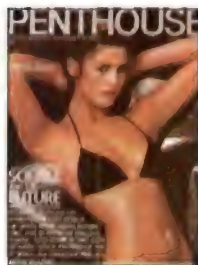
To say the least, the review he turned in is interesting, and provides an insight into the magazines themselves and into John Mayall's personal tastes. —Zbigniew Kindla



What the hell do you say about the acknowledged aristocrat of the men's-magazine world? *Playboy* represents a dreamworld for all of us sex-starved males to envy. It's almost as if Hugh Hefner doesn't need

to keep in touch with what's going on because he doesn't have to, and thus his magazine runs smoothly from month to month. As a matter of fact, I don't detect

any difference between one Christmas issue and another. *Playboy's* typography and design are first-rate, and the features continue to be of the highest quality, and that includes the fiction, meaty interviews and cartoons (Gahan Wilson's being some of my all-time favorites). But the beauty of the girls is so scrubbed and clean you can't imagine there's a cunt hidden by the bushes of those closed thighs, although the photogravure reproduction produces a high-quality product. On the rotten end of the stick is the extreme boredom of the endless *Playboy* Philosophy, the snobbish air to the editorial sections such as "Sex Poll," "Forum," "Advisor" and the reviews, and too few pages of girls in this monthly gargantuan shelf-creaker. Little wonder it's a tough job to get through each issue when advertisements comprise almost half of the magazine's total pages.



Here's another giant one weightwise: approximately 200 pages to get through, and about 20 percent of these filled with ladies. Publisher Bob Guccione seems to echo my tastes in eroticism: a lavish feast for underwear fanciers and a small but gorgeous selection of girls in exciting settings. Usually the models look so sexy that you can get off just on a head-and-shoulders shot, though this certainly doesn't preclude the tits and ass. *Penthouse* was the first to initiate the crotch, minus pink, which led to Larry Flynt Publications' outrageously exaggerated pink show. I find *Penthouse's* editorial content about average, with the layout getting the same rating. However, it does present some good sex self-exam features from time to time, while the Xaviera Hollander monthly section is a popular bit. Besides booze and hi-fi, in the many pages of ads you get most of the C's: cigarettes, cameras, cars, colognes, cassettes and condoms. *Penthouse* still comes off like an Establishment slick, though it's much more daring than the staid *Playboy*.



Aha! The Pioneer of Pink and other daredevil innovations! In the short years it has been on our magazine racks, *HUSTLER* has probably done more than all of the others for getting out there and editorially putting its ass on the line. Full marks for the spirit of Larry Flynt, who (like Al Goldstein and *Screw* in the newspaper world) is challenging all the taboos and hypocrisies surrounding us. Plus *HUSTLER* is a terrific stroke book. Even though we only get an average of three layouts, the spreads are nevertheless steaming-hot and provoke all kinds of deliciously rude thoughts. The photography and reproduction are terrific, as are the huge centerfolds of couples and single girls. You have to go a long way to beat this one! The cartoons are hilarious in their own sick way; *Kinky Korner* is always excellent for a fantasy nut like me, and for *Beaver Hunt* *HUSTLER* pays more money to amateurs than any other magazine. And let's give full marks for continuing Lenny Bruce's platform that war is obscene and that sex and love can't possibly be.





This well-packaged glossy that plays sister to HUSTLER is always on my required monthly reading schedule. Right from the first page of "Chic Thrills" you feel in comfortable territory with the snazzy layout



In the course of the last year I've noticed continual improvements going on in all of *Oui's* departments, particularly in the articles and parodies. (Who can easily forget the recent "A Boring Interview With Peter



Club is one of my favorite magazines. Incidentally, it is the American version of the English slick *Men Only*, which has been around for years. The girls in *Club* are generally high-caliber, and the photographers

and color. The subsequent articles and fiction are mainly humorous, but above all sophisticated. CHIC is also the birthplace of Peter Green's classic series of paintings of the sisters of famous folk and the ever-popular "Mystery Guest" page. CHIC's color reproduction is the runaway best, making the models almost come right off the pages at you. You usually get four delightful photo-layouts, one of which is a couple, and you get enough mileage of imaginative poses, plenty of lace and provocative adornments, plus lots of juicy pink nests to ogle. Additionally, CHIC is the only magazine I know of that devotes several shots of extreme close-up camera work to the more subtle erotic areas of our bodies, such as the lips, teeth, tongue, nipples and navel. Need I say more?

Frampton," which then segued into the crazy Chuck Barris and Jaye P. Morgan *Gong Show* article?) Of course, stylistically the whole magazine is very close to *Playboy*, and this is quite evident, especially in its rather conservative photo-spreads, of which there are usually four. Therefore, there isn't much flesh for your money, but what you do get is generally tasty and well-reproduced. The illustrations accompanying articles are creative and well-presented. *Oui* also has a good media section, telling you what's going on in movies, books, etc. Additionally, I always browse through the "Sex Tapes" section, delving for kink.

usually tend to have them clad in lingerie. Being a garter-belt-and-pantie freak, I can quite readily get off on this. Complementing the pictures is a little commentary of a



hard-core nature, which isn't carried in the tamer English counterpart. *Club's* photo-reproduction quality is average, the articles aren't too demanding, the fiction is standard "fuck me, suck me," while the cartoons are for the most part poor. The typeface used throughout is so badly chosen that it makes reading particularly difficult—especially the interviews, which I daren't attempt to get into unless I want a headache.



Very little good to say about this archaic item. Its main claim to fame—but hardly enough to be the absolute mainstay of the magazine—is that it pioneered the reader's snapshot-competition idea under the title "The Girl Next Door," now of course widely imitated in the other slicks. The reproduction in this deathtrap is terrible, while the females' crotches are uniformly blurred. *Gallery's* review pages are drably laid out in surgical black and white, the interviews are too short, and typewise it all comes off as exciting as spending an evening with a dictionary or a handbook on repairing television sets.



Here's another forgettable slick, copying the format of all the others but without anything original to set it apart. The layouts lack zest. The reader's photo section, "Friends and Lovers," pays out a paltry \$25 for the chick and a one-year subscription for the photographer. Aside from that, you get close to 40 pages of nothing-special girl pics. Its consumer guide to products appears to be wildly out of date when it comes to quoting prices, so stick with *Consumer Reports*. The magazine's one redeeming feature is Marilyn Chambers, who writes a column. Not that it is any better than the rest of the magazine; it's just my admiration for her accomplishments since Ivory Snow.



Here's one published by a lady named Gloria Leonard—and don't we know it! Her name and pictures are all over the place. I don't mind her raunchy and titillating view on sex in the written word, but

visually she's not my cup of tea (or barrel of fish). Apart from this criticism I will have to award pretty high marks to the rest of the package. *High Society* supplies a good consumer guide as to where to get laid, to see sex shows, to watch hot movies, and its "Tits & Ass" section is up to the bizarre standards of similar amateur photo competitions. I find the articles more slanted toward fetishes than some of the other slicks, and I'll vote for that. I gave top marks to the "Midget and Muff Madness" spread in the September issue, which had a dwarf and a lady with lacy panties teasing the little bugger to distraction. *High Society* gives you full value with six girl features each month, accounting for about half of the total pages, and most of this is good jacking-off material. Nice low-class stuff. Unfortunately, the photo reproduction is poor.



This magazine is one of the more dismal ones to encounter, and the first thing that got me was the line beneath the trademark that once boasted "If it's not here it doesn't exist!" Check out the column "Female Fantasies." There must be an editor sitting around their office with nothing better to do than make up readers' letters, and yet it's amazing that we all read this shit and kid ourselves that the stuff is genuine. The articles are about 80-percent sexually oriented and seem aimed at a kindergarten-IQ level. The magazine's layout seems to be gradually improving, and the reproduction is average. But look at those girl shots! Often there are two facing pages of one girl, and the only difference between the two shots is a slight turn of the head or the lift of a tit. Perhaps *Swank* can afford to give the poor photographer only one roll of film.



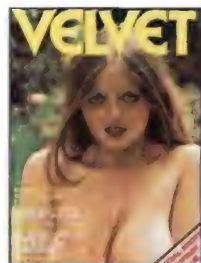
Not one you'd find laying on a Mormon's coffee table, this little devil from New York is one of my favorites, despite its appalling reproduction quality. You usually get eight girlie spreads, the all-time high in this survey. A cock-tingling abundance of loose lips and dangling D-cups confronts the reader in each issue. Additionally, Honeysuckle Divine, Annie Sprinkle and Queen Adrena are on the roster of kinky contributors, while—as a reader come-on—*Cheri* holds an annual blow-job con-

test. Plenty of swinger ads, sleazy cartoons and hard-core fiction make this one of the best sex magazines on the market.



This is the sister publication of *Club*, and consequently the same comments about pictorials and text apply. *C.I.* uses the same stable of photographers as *Club*, and hence the photo shootings are similar.

However, no text accompanies the photos in *C.I.* In this magazine the typography and layout are winners. *C.I.* carries a wealth of advertisements for all manner of sexual gadgets and marital aid, mostly sold from its own New York company. Everything I've ever sent for I've gotten, and the quality of the goods was as advertised—almost remarkable in this day of shifty mail-order dealers.



Velvet is a little difficult to review, as it seems to be muddled before it leaves the editor's desk. It tries to follow the format laid down by the other slicks and, as a result, ends up with some good points plus some extremely bad ones. On the credit side: Pictorially, you get quite a lot of raunch and open beaver (four or six girl sets, including a fairly explicit couple shooting and a centerfold you can paste to your toilet wall). I'm also amazed at the quality of the amateur meat market that finds its way into the snapshot section, "Sexiest Wife Contest." On the negative side: The articles, cartoons, layout and typography are close to the bottom of the pit.



The top women's magazine is *Playgirl*. Most of the articles deal either directly or indirectly with sex. Particularly noteworthy was its interview with Chevy Chase, which was sufficiently probing to constitute what I'd call a good one. *Playgirl* contains fine questionnaires for its readers, while the "Erotic Fantasies" series serves as a good insight as to women's ideas on sex trips. Each issue carries several layouts of guys. But when I purchase the magazine, I find it stuck in the gay section of the bookstore. I wonder which sex buys most of the copies.

BEAVER HUNT

The New Year is just around the corner. And there's nothing like starting off the year with a click. So all you amateur photo buffs—let's keep those shutters snapping. Send us shots of your lover, your best friend or your next of kin. If you've got a particularly sexy pet, we'll have a look at it too. We're still conducting our nationwide search for *Beaver Hunt* couples, so don't slack off here either. We'll pay \$50 for every photo we use—color only, please. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. If you're chosen as the best amateur model by our staff, you may be asked to appear in an extended photo feature, for *professional model rates*. So ring in the New Year with more Beavers! Send all entries—male, female or couple—to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 102, or a facsimile with all the information requested.

Jo Ann Marvel is a 27-year-old housewife from Nashville who likes bike riding, camping and making love in the snowy mountains of Tennessee. She spends her spare time looking for new ways to make her sex life more stimulating. Any ideas?



Photos by Rick Hillings



Twenty-four-year-old Lorie Armbrust left the Midwest for Southern California because she loves to swim and play in the sun all year round. This healthy gal has a back-to-nature approach to sex. One of her favorite fantasies is seducing a shy couple alongside a lake.



Photo by Rick Marvel



Cheryl D. has a thing for men who come on shy and quiet. "I know how to open them up," this 22-year-old student from Chicago, Illinois, tells us. "And then I keep their cocks up for hours."

Meet Cissy, a housewife and mother of two who likes gardening in the sunshine of her hometown, Fort Myers, Florida. In between pulling weeds and watering roses, this 24-year-old dreams of having her shaved cunt auctioned off to "executives who bid thousands of dollars just for a taste." Let's hope she meets a millionaire with a long tongue.



Photo by Billy Paradise

Photo by Randy Notz



Twenty-six-year-old Sandy Notz is a housewife who makes her home in a small town in Iowa. Sandy enjoys the natural life, which includes swimming, horseback riding and lots of nude sunbathing. Sandy's already had one of her fantasies fulfilled—that of displaying her body in HUSTLER. As for "exciting a man till he squirms and begs for more"—we can't do much about that one. Perhaps a few readers are squirming out there right now.

Betty Gordon is a 25-year-old topless dancer from Taylor, Michigan. You'd think Betty would want to relax in her off hours, but you're more likely to find her engaging in her favorite pastimes—dancing and screwing. Betty loves having her pussy eaten before getting down to business. As for fantasies, Betty would like nothing better than to fuck Burt Reynolds.



Photo by Mr. Gordon

Photo by Nick C.

Los Angeles artist Bill Woods, 35, says he'll never be too old to romp on a water bed with at least three young ladies. He's still trying to perfect a technique for eating more than one pussy at a time.



Who says all rock 'n' roll groupies have to be little and skinny? Boston's 21-year-old Lisa C. isn't worried about her image and feels confident she can someday fulfill her dream of fucking a big-time rock star.



Photo by Larry Kelly



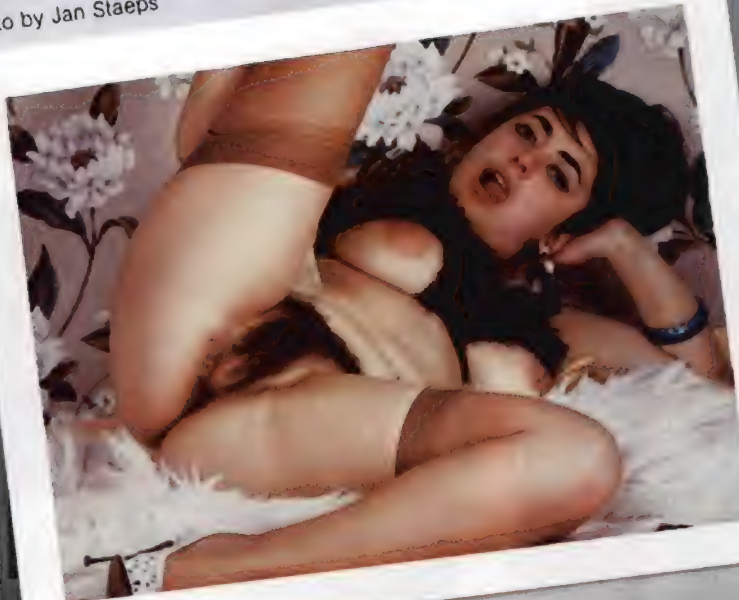
Jack Alaska from Fanwood, New Jersey, says he likes women who are really stacked, but "hot women make me nervous and I get the runs." His fantasy is being attacked by a female snowblower.

"Now that I've lived out all my own sexual fantasies," K. M. tells us, "I'm ready to help women fulfill theirs." This 45-year-old Boston longshoreman flies and sails when he's out of drydock.



Photo by W. Brooks

Photo by Jan Staeps



This hot-blooded babe has sent in her photo all the way from Dusseldorf, Germany. Twenty-eight-year-old Nicole Steinerts, a secretary, isn't having any trouble finding action over in the Rhineland, but she's been unable to fulfill her particular fantasy: taking part in an interracial orgy.

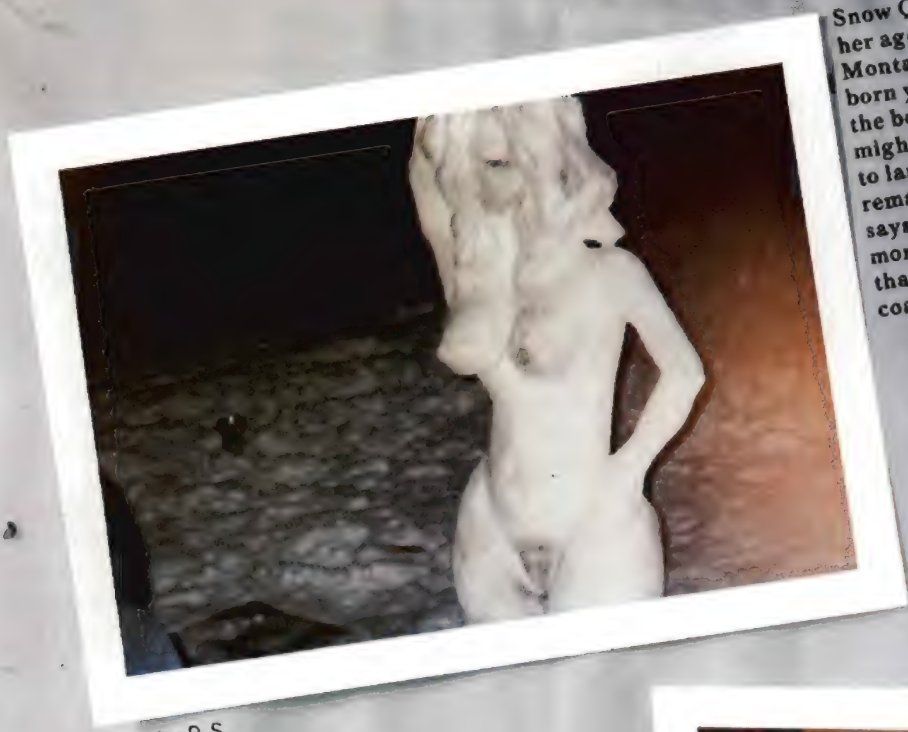


Photo by P. S.

Snow Queen refuses to divulge her age, but this Alberton, Montana, lass insists she wasn't born yesterday, no matter what the boys in the neighborhood might say. Her Majesty wanted to land the leading role in the remake of *Nanook*, but, she says, "I got cold feet at the last moment." Snow Queen adds that tall men with eyes black as coal "send chills up my spine."

Photo by "Boyfriend"

An athletic lass, 22-year-old Tracy Thompson hails from Rock Springs, Wyoming. When Tracy isn't swimming, mountain climbing or hiking, she's busy running marathon races. However, the real record Tracy wants to beat isn't on the track, but in the sack. She prides herself on having come 19 times during one sexual bout, and her fantasy is to surpass that score. Now that would be a real marathon!



This versatile young lady is 19-year-old Pat Caver, a student from Buffalo, New York, who loves music, theater, dating and travel. She's equally explicit about her sexual technique, which is "to display my assets in the most provocative way in order to please my companion and attain the maximum stage of erotic development." Whew! That sounds like a mouthful, but we're sure that Pat's more than capable of handling the load.



Photo by Peter Thompson

(continued from page 48)

it. One day Owen drove up to the stables in a luxurious Lincoln Continental and pulled out a fat roll of \$1,000 bills. "I'll pay you for that truck," Owen said, peeling off one of the bills.

Powers pegged this memorable incident as on or about June 3, 1968—the day before the primary. Owen was in an expansive mood, Powers said, and introduced him to two passengers in the Continental: a huge black man who talked about his days as a boxer, as well as a dark young man in the backseat who said nothing. A few days later, when he saw Sirhan's picture in the papers, Powers thought he recognized

him as the backseat passenger.

Christian contacted Manuel "Chick" Gutierrez and Dudley Varney, the two SUS detectives who had questioned Weatherly. At first they were evasive, then derisive. "You understand cowboys?" Varney asked. "Well, they're a breed all to themselves. They talk their own language; they have their own humor. The humor will throw you. You can't understand 'em. They're wild!"

Since the LAPD was obviously stonewalling, Christian decided to put on a bit of heat by briefing ace KHJ-TV newscaster Baxter Ward. Ward interviewed Weatherly and was so impressed with his sincerity that he aired the story. But first he carefully paraphrased the script and altered names, places and events to protect Weatherly. The newsman hoped, he said afterward, that the bombshell account would trigger an official review of the RFK case.

A few days after the broadcast, Weatherly pulled into the driveway of his home in the early-morning hours when a shot from a high-powered rifle smashed through a window and narrowly missed his head. Nobody thought that was just wild cowboy humor.

One morning in August 1971, criminalist William W. Harper noticed a nondescript car tagging along behind him as he drove away from his Pasadena home. He made several random turns, but the car followed. He accelerated, and the pursuer gave chase. Just as Harper hit a dip in the road, he heard a muffled explosion and the slap of a bullet striking metal. If the dip hadn't flung the car's rear end into the air, the bullet might have smashed through the rear windshield and into his head instead of harmlessly denting the car's bumper.

Harper, the father of the "second gun" theory in the RFK case, was scheduled to testify the following day before a grand jury exploring the handling—or mishandling—of pertinent firearms evidence.

An expert who had testified at more than 300 trials around the country, Harper had acquired a healthy skepticism about the work of the LAPD's crime-lab chief, DeWayne Wolfer. As a public service, he habitually restudied Wolfer's findings in major cases, and in late 1970, after Sirhan's appeals had been exhausted, he gained access to two relatively un mutilated bullets that Wolfer had testified were fired from Sirhan's gun "to the exclusion of all other weapons in the world." The bullets, removed from Kennedy and injured newsman William Weisel, should have had the same distinctive markings if they had been fired from the

same gun. But Harper concluded that he could "find no individual characteristics in common between these two bullets."

The news stunned Los Angeles officialdom. Tough-talking Police Chief Edward M. Davis and DA Joseph P. Busch, Evelle Younger's handpicked successor, announced that they would look into the matter. One of the first things their investigators did was question Thane Eugene Cesar, an armed security guard who had been at Kennedy's elbow when the shooting erupted. A Lockheed Aircraft employee—he worked with its CIA-controlled U-2 spy-plane facility—Cesar was moonlighting for a private firm hired by the Ambassador for crowd control. The LAPD had removed themselves under suspicious circumstances.

Minutes after the shooting, witness Donald Schulman, a stringer for CBS News, had gone on the air and tersely recounted: "A Caucasian gentleman stepped out and fired three times; the security guard hit Kennedy all three times." A moment later he explained: "The man who stepped out fired three times at Kennedy, hit him all three times, and the security guard then fired back... hitting him [Sirhan] too."

"Did you ever fire a shot?" the investigators asked Cesar.

"No," he replied. He said he had carried a .38 that night, but he made a slip. Cesar remarked that after the assassination he might also have shown another gun, his .22-caliber revolver (the same caliber as the bullets that hit Kennedy and Weisel), to a policeman, but earlier he had claimed to have sold the weapon three months before. The investigators picked up on this contradiction, but as the transcript clearly shows, their primary concern was whether or not any outsiders knew about it.

We did, and we traced the man who had bought the gun in question to his retirement home in Arkansas. He was Jim Yoder, who had worked with Cesar at Lockheed. Yoder said that Cesar had given him a receipt for the .22 revolver dated September 6, 1968—three months after the assassination. Yes, Yoder confirmed, the LAPD had called him, and he had given them the same information. The gun? It had been taken in a burglary at about the same time as the call from the police.

In the meantime, DA Busch was pitching a grand jury, although his target was not Cesar but rather the "second gun" theorists themselves. Busch intimated that someone in the County Clerk's Office, where the evidence had been stored, had allowed "unauthorized persons" to "tamper with" the bullets, and that was why they didn't match.

HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 97). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other _____

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

Busch's fall guy was to be Christian, who two years earlier had merely looked at Sirhan's notebooks and other printed documents. The DA's investigators confronted Christian with the exhibit-request slips, but Christian noticed that several exhibit numbers had been added in a different hand. He emphatically pronounced them a "crude forgery."

The shabby frame-up fell apart when William Harper, unintimidated by the potshot taken at him, stuck to his findings, and Busch shied away from producing the supposedly "tampered-with" bullets for the grand jury to inspect.

But the "second gun" issue remained in limbo until 1974, after newsman Baxter Ward was elected a Los Angeles County supervisor. Ward, who had been shaken by Weatherly's close call, held a public hearing on the ballistics evidence. In his first open testimony Coroner Noguchi revealed how RFK had been shot in execution style. And two independent experts, New York criminalistics professor Herbert MacDonnell and California state crime-lab veteran Lowell Bradford, concurred with Harper that the Kennedy and Weisel bullets "could not be identified as coming from the same gun."

The Ward hearing predictably was boycotted by the Los Angeles establishment. DeWayne Wolfer refused to appear, on orders of Chief Ed Davis, and DA Busch declined on grounds that the hearing was an "improper forum." However, it did prompt a civil suit by one of the victims in the pantry, union official Paul Shrade, who sought to know if persons other than Sirhan were responsible for his wounds. Over the DA's strenuous objections, presiding Superior Court Judge Robert A. Wenke ordered a panel of experts to refire Sirhan's gun and compare the test bullets with those recovered from the victims.

Unfortunately, .22-caliber bullets are much less susceptible to positive conclusions than larger-caliber slugs, which perhaps is why Mafia hit men have favored them in recent years. The panel could only say that the questioned bullets came from the same model gun as Sirhan's, rather than his particular weapon.

Its report led off with a confusing statement: There was "no substantive or demonstrable evidence to indicate that more than one gun was used." The press jumped the gun by interpreting this to mean that only Sirhan's gun had been fired. "PANEL SAYS ONLY ONE GUN," a typical headline read.

At this point, one of Shrade's lawyers, Vincent Bugliosi, reduced the complex issue to simple arithmetic. Bugliosi, the

famed prosecutor of the Manson family and author of *Helter Skelter* (and recently *Til Death Do Us Part*), noted how the LAPD had accounted for eight bullets, the capacity of Sirhan's revolver: Seven were recovered from victims at nearby hospitals, and the eighth had been lost in the ceiling innerspace. Bugliosi remembered an AP news photo taken after the shooting showing two policemen inspecting a hole in a doorjamb just outside the pantry. A ninth bullet?

Bugliosi made the rounds of the precinct stations and learned that the policemen in the photo were Sergeants Robert Rozzi and Charles Wright. Rozzi gave Bugliosi a signed statement in which he said the object in the hole "appeared to be a small-caliber bullet." Over the phone Wright was positive that it was a bullet, but before Bugliosi could get his statement in writing, LAPD brass stepped in and told Wright to say nothing.

The lawyer then obtained statements from Coroner Noguchi and hotel personnel that they had observed what appeared to be two bullet holes in the center post to the pantry's swinging doors. This raised the count to 11; yet the LAPD quickly contended that these holes were actually dents caused by serving carts. Bugliosi soon discovered that the carts were two feet too short and had no protrusions whatsoever.

The LAPD's sad invention suffered the fate it deserved when, in late 1976, an FBI agent approached Bugliosi while the former L.A. prosecutor was on a speaking tour. College police-science professor William A. Bailey said that on June 5, 1968, he had been assigned to head a three-man team of FBI agents to carefully examine the pantry (which he called "the preparation room"). Bailey verified FBI photos released in March 1976. One of them showed two circled holes in the center post. "I (and several other agents) noted at least two (2) small-caliber bullet holes in the center post of the two doors leading from the preparation room," he declared in a signed statement. "There was no question in any of our minds as to the fact that they were bullet holes and were not caused by food carts. . . ."

Other FBI photos show two additional circled holes in the wall to the left of the doors, most likely caused by bullets numbers 12 and 13, and two more that ran the total to 15. Bugliosi told the press, "The time has come for us to start looking for the members of the firing squad that night."

In the summer of 1975 a seemingly humdrum civil trial began in Department 32 of the Los Angeles Superior

Court. The plaintiff was Jerry Owen, who five years before had sued KCOP-TV for breach of contract and defamation of character after it had canceled his new program *The Walking Bible*. Cancellation came after Christian, seeking the source of the large amounts of money Owen was spending on the show, called the station's attention to the preacher's curious background. Management panicked and threw Owen off the air, whereupon he filed suit.

When the case finally came to trial Owen had no idea that the RFK issue would be raised. At our urging, KCOP eventually retained Bugliosi, who years before had become intrigued with our investigative file, to put on an affirmative defense—that is, prove that Owen was involved in the RFK assassination.

Bugliosi tried to subpoena John Chris Weatherly and another witness at Wild Bill's Stables, but they skipped in apparent fear for their lives. Yet Bugliosi did persuade a balky Bill Powers to take the stand. The cowboy testified about the preacher's arrival at the stables shortly before the election in a newly acquired Lincoln Continental, about Owen's flashing of a thick roll of \$1,000 bills and about the diminutive man in the backseat who he thought was Sirhan.

If Owen was stunned by Powers's appearance, we were equally amazed by a character witness of Owen's, from Miami. Her name was Gail Aiken, and during her years in Los Angeles she had been one of Owen's most devoted followers. She was also the older sister of Arthur Bremer. In May 1972, Bremer gunned down Governor George C. Wallace as he campaigned in Maryland for the presidency. Polls then indicated that if Wallace ran in November as an independent, he could siphon off enough votes from Richard Nixon to pull any Democratic candidate dead-even.

"Do you know Arthur Bremer's sister?" Bugliosi asked Owen on cross-examination. The preacher seemed startled that the relationship was known. He hemmed and hawed, then grudgingly conceded that he knew Gail Aiken. Not surprisingly, Aiken was spirited back to Miami before she could testify.

The trial reached its climax when Owen's attorney tried to rebut Powers's identification of Sirhan. He hastily produced Jackie Gray, a mulatto son of ex-boxer Johnny Gray (who had been a passenger in the Continental) to say that it had been he (Jackie) in the backseat. But Bugliosi elicited from young Gray that he was only 13 at the time—Sirhan was 23—and that his only visit to the stables had been several months earlier.

In 1978 we learned from Jackie Gray's sister, Brenda, that Owen had dyed her brother's sandy-colored hair jet-black—to try to match that of Sirhan—just before the boy's court appearance.

Things continued to backfire for Owen. Jackie Gray was obviously of limited mentality, but it also was clear that in his simplicity he was incapable of guile. Bugliosi began gentle questioning. Yes, Jackie Gray said, his father had frequently mentioned Sirhan. "He told you that he knows Sirhan very well, is that correct?" Bugliosi asked. Yes, Gray replied.

"Where did he tell you he first met him?"

Without hesitation Gray answered, "Through Mr. Owen."

Owen's attorney shot to his feet, frantically trying to impeach his own witness. But Judge Jack A. Crickard orally tested Gray and found him competent. "Did you hear Reverend Owen talk about Sirhan many times?" Bugliosi continued. Yes, Gray said, Owen mentioned buying Sirhan clothes and giving him money. It seemed a strange relationship indeed. Bugliosi then flashed onto something he had seen in our files—the possibility that Sirhan was a real-life Manchurian Candidate.

Richard Condon's chilling novel of that name was based on Russian and CIA experimentation in hypnoprogramming a subject to kill, carried out during the Korean War. There was, in fact, an authentic case history: In Denmark in 1952 an ex-convict named Bjorn Nielsen hypnoprogrammed a pliable associate to rob banks and to shoot anyone who resisted. To override his colleague's reluctance to kill, Nielsen implanted the notion that the money was to be used for the high moral purpose of unifying Scandinavia. When the man was finally captured, he could remember nothing. Nielsen had induced an amnesia block. It took a prison psychiatrist 19 months to unlock his mind and unmask Nielsen.

When Sirhan arrived at San Quentin, he was examined by the prison's psychological-testing chief, Dr. Eduard Simson-Kallas. By virtue of his European training, Simson-Kallas was well-aware of the criminal potential of hypnosis. The more he probed Sirhan's mind, the more he became convinced that Sirhan had been hypnoprogrammed to shoot Robert Kennedy as an enemy of the Palestinian people. The doctor began deprogramming procedures, but was cut off by prison authorities.

"If I had been allowed to spend as much time with him as necessary, I

would have found out something," the doctor told us.

This was what Bugliosi had in mind when he asked Jackie Gray, "Did you ever hear your father or Reverend Owen say anything about Sirhan being in a trance?"

Gray responded: "This is in a room to himself [sic], in a room that he always been in, in a room that some of the things he is doing is wrong."

Bugliosi recalled that at Sirhan's trial there had been professional testimony that the incriminating passages in his notebooks—such as "RFK must die!"—had been written in a trance.

"Did you ever hear them say that sometimes Sirhan would do things and not know that he did them?" Bugliosi asked.

"Right," Jackie Gray replied matter-of-factly.

Judge Crickard was plainly annoyed that far-reaching criminal questions had been raised in a civil forum. (He awarded Owen an amount barely sufficient to pay lawyers' fees.) Inadvertently, the jurist was right: The reinvestigation of RFK's assassination belongs in the hands of a special prosecutor and criminal grand jury.

And one of the most fertile areas to be probed concerns the late Dr. William Joseph Bryan, Jr., a medical hypnotist who immodestly characterized himself as "probably the leading expert in the world." During the Korean War, Bryan was, in his words, "Chief of all medical survival training for the United States Air Force, which meant the brainwashing section." Also, he reportedly served as a consultant to the CIA in its experiments with mind control and behavior modification. Bryan became so recognized in the field of hypnoprogramming that he was enlisted as a technical adviser (medical hypnosis) for the film version of *The Manchurian Candidate*.

In the early '60s he set up practice on Hollywood's Sunset Strip and formed the American Institute of Hypnosis, which staged touring symposiums on such topics as "Successful Treatments of Sexual Disorders." He once told a magazine interviewer, "One way of getting to know people is through [sexual] intercourse," a theory he applied too diligently. In 1969 the California Board of Medical Examiners found him guilty of unprofessional conduct for sexually molesting four female patients who submitted under hypnosis.

Paradoxically, Bryan (like Jerry Owen) was a Bible-thumping fundamentalist. He also claimed to be a descendant of William Jennings Bryan,

who during the celebrated "Scopes monkey trial" in the 1920s had opposed the teaching of evolution. Dr. Bryan frequently was a fire-and-brimstone preacher at fundamentalist churches throughout Southern California.

What initially focused our attention on Bryan was an entry in Sirhan's notebooks that read, "God help me. . . . Please help. Salvo Di Di Salvo Die S Salvo." The jumble was characteristic of a trance condition, but the reference was clearly to Albert Di Salvo, the notorious Boston Strangler. Bryan, who was often called into baffling cases by police agencies (especially the LAPD), had cracked the Boston Strangler case through hypnotism. It was his tour de force, and he was constantly bragging about it.

In 1972, Sirhan informed us that the name Di Salvo meant absolutely nothing to him—he said he didn't even know about the Boston Strangler. That is when Dr. Herbert Spiegel, a prominent New York authority on hypnosis, provided us with a clue to the strange diary entry. Anything mentioned in the presence of a subject under hypnosis is automatically etched in his mind, Spiegel said, especially if it comes from the hypnotist. And it might flow out at any time, either verbally or in "automatic writing."

Had the egotistical Dr. Bryan hypnotized Sirhan? After Bryan's sudden death in 1977 in Las Vegas, two Beverly Hills call girls who knew him intimately volunteered information. The girls, who called themselves Diana and Janice, said they had been "servicing" Bryan about twice a month over a four-year period. Bryan confided to them that he was not only a CIA agent but was also deeply involved in top-secret projects. When he told about crawling over rooftops at night in Europe, however, the girls were a bit skeptical: "We couldn't see Doc doing that kind of thing—not all 300 pounds of him," Janice laughed.

During the last year of his life Bryan grew progressively more depressed. His girlfriend had run off with another man, the girls said, and they boosted the doctor's ego by urging him to talk about all the famous people he had hypnotized. Bryan boasted of deprogramming Di Salvo, then mentioned hypnotizing Sirhan Sirhan. However, the girls erroneously assumed that he had hypnotized Sirhan *after* the assassination, because he had told them many times that he had worked with the LAPD on big murder cases.

Janice thought that Bryan had also

(continued on page 121)

KINKY KORNER

by Matthew B. Frumess

Having been a big fan of *Kinky Korner* for some time now, I find I'm still amazed when I think of the number of people out there who are actually living out their fantasies—as opposed to just thinking about them. You see, for years I was one of those guys who sit around dreaming. And even now that my dream's come true and I have this great sex life, it's still hard for me to believe it. I still picture myself as the 13-year-old who ran away from home to join the circus.

But wait a minute. I'm getting ahead of myself here, because I wanted to tell you what it was about the circus that fascinated me. It wasn't the clowns or the lions or the trapeze artists. It was the "freak shows"—in particular, the lady dwarfs.

I'll never forget the first time I got turned on by seeing one of these tantalizing little creatures. I was helping to break down the show when suddenly she stepped out of her trailer. I forgot everything I was doing, and my eyes became fixed on this strange little thing.

At the time I didn't really realize that I was turned on—at least not until later that night, when I lay awake on my cot thinking about what I'd seen. Before I knew it, I was frantically stroking away at my penis, imagining that teeny-tiny body with the head of a woman. I didn't even know anything about blow jobs in those days (I was barely 14), but I definitely remember jacking off to the image of that head of hers going up and down on my cock. Somehow it was the idea of the large head on top of that miniature body that got to me, and before I knew it I'd spouted a huge stream of cum all over the sheets. From that point on I was hooked.

Still, it was pretty much fantasy with me from then on. Oh, one time I did manage to pick up a midget in a theater

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. *HUSTLER* pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



THE LITTLE WOMAN

on Second Avenue when I was living in New York City. She was an ugly little thing, and after she sucked my dick and I came all over her nasty little face, she asked me to fuck her. In truth, I was pretty nauseated by the whole ordeal, so I gave her a couple of bucks and got the hell out of there.

After I'd gotten out of the service, my sex life was basically limited to jacking off to photos or porn flicks. One time when I was in Denmark, I found these pictures of little girls fucking guys—but still, no dwarfs!

I'd just about given up on my dream

when one day my friend Sid Hoffman called me. He told me it was imperative that I meet him down at the fairgrounds, where a traveling circus was in town for the week. Knowing Sid, I figured something was up. Sid liked freak shows too, but his tastes were a little strange for me. He wanted to make it with the half-man/half-woman.

Sid said he was in a hurry and that I should meet him behind the sideshow tent at 6:30. At 7:45 I was still waiting, and getting a bit antsy, when suddenly I felt a tap—on my thigh. My chest tightened, and I turned.

"Hi ya! You must be the guy Sid told me about," she said. "I'm Big Bertha."

She was perfect. My cock began to swell immediately, and I murmured a silent thanks to Sid as I looked down at her: a magnificent head, beautiful red, cascading curls, eyes as green as spring grass, moist lips curled into a teasing half-smile. And that body! It was perfectly proportioned, and I wanted to rip her clothes off and look at every inch of it. Bertha obviously knew what was on my mind as she reached her hand out and grabbed hold of my already-hardened dick. And as her hand touched me, I realized I was trembling. *The hand of a child!*

Without saying another word I swept her off the ground and picked her up till her face touched mine. Our lips met in a passionate kiss. While we were kissing, I could feel her begin to move her little pussy—rubbing it against my chest. I felt like I would faint any second.

Somehow I managed to carry her to my car. I intended to take her to my apartment, but as soon as we got to my Ford, she went right to work—nimble little fingers unzipping my fly, stroking my cock—and then she brought down that big gorgeous head of hers and began sucking my dick like crazy. She

tongued me like an expert, all the while running her child-fingers around the base of my dick and over my balls. I came at the third traffic light.

I parked the car in front of my place, picked her up and literally ran up the four flights of stairs to my room. All the while Bertha clung to my side, seeming to enjoy the ride. I was hard again as we entered the room. She swung her doll body around and kissed me with her mature lips—thrusting her woman tongue deep into my mouth. I returned her kiss, tasting my cum on her lips.

We sat on the bed, her lips still glued to mine. Again she rubbed her pussy against me, her tongue pulsing to the rhythm of her little hips. She started to undress, but I asked her if she'd let me do it for her. She just smiled that strange smile of hers and said, "Anything you want is OK with me."

She lay back, and I removed her clothes slowly—piece by piece—starting with her top. She wasn't wearing a bra, and she had tiny, perfectly shaped tits with erect nipples. I wanted to clamp my mouth down on them and start sucking, but I resisted, drawing out the pleasure of the stripping ritual. I pulled off her skirt, then her underpants. Her body was perfect. The body of a child, yet strangely matured. The perfect breasts, taut nipples, and now this pussy, which was unusually hairy—the strands trailing down her thighs. I couldn't hold back any longer, and I threw my head down between her legs and began lapping her cunt, which was already dripping wet. I bent in such a position that she could reach my cock, and her tiny fingers stroked away while I ate her pussy and slurped up her juices.

She began to make noises, moaning almost like a baby. I was getting turned on even more, and I flipped over onto my back, at the same time taking her by the ankles and turning her over on top of me. She began sucking my cock again, which was growing more monstrous by the second. Now my head was only inches away from her pussy, and I could easily smell the strong aroma wafting from it. After all these years without fucking I'd never really seen a cunt close-up, and I wanted to get a long, satisfying look. She had large cunt lips—the kind that hang down; I spread them apart with my two fingers, just like the girls in *HUSTLER* do.

It wasn't hard to see her clit sticking out like a tiny penis, and I began to flick it rhythmically with my forefinger. She lifted her head off my cock just long enough to admonish me: "No, not like that... go from side to side." Nothing

like a woman who knows what she wants! I did as she asked, and her clit seemed to grow larger every second.

Now things were really getting juicy; the color of her cunt lips had turned from a light to a hot shade of pink. Suddenly she jammed her tight cunt down on my thumb, and I rammed it in and out like a piston. She was sucking like a lunatic on my dick now, all the while slamming her tiny cunt harder and harder up and down my thumb.

"Oooooooh," she moaned, but the scream was muffled as I let go of my wad, filling her mouth. She slurped it all in, letting only the slightest little dribble out of the corner of her mouth.

She looked so cute that I couldn't resist the urge to lift her up in the air and turn her round and round as if she were a toy. Incredibly, she kept that strange half-smile on her face as I hoisted her up and down in the air several times just like a loving father does to his child. To my surprise she began to emit delighted little giggles—just like a baby. Then I lowered her, and she put her beautiful mouth to mine, and we kissed until we drifted off to sleep.

We both awoke at the same time and shared a cigarette. I told her that I felt as if I'd just come out of a dream, or rather gone into one. I still couldn't believe it. My lifelong fantasy had come true.

She told me that she'd been in the circus since she was ten and that she'd tried fucking some of the other dwarfs, but that she'd never really gotten off.

"I always wanted a real man," she said, as she took hold of my dick again. "A real man," she repeated, and then the words turned into a chant as she stroked my dick. Suddenly the words changed. She was begging, "Fuck me, oh, please, fuck me. I've never been fucked by a real man before."

I told her I was afraid that I would hurt her, but she said to go ahead. She was still pumping my dick with her hand as she literally crawled up my body.

"Lie back, honey," she said. Then she lifted herself onto my shaft and immediately began moving her pelvis around in circles, going faster and faster. Actually, I had thought my cock might come out her throat, but I was surprised to find that it fit her cunt perfectly.

She continued to grind furiously—a miniature dynamo. She threw her head back, the red curls tumbling over my thighs, and as her lips parted, a guttural growl emerged from between them. It was a little weird. The child was transformed into an animal. It didn't take her long to come, and as she did,

she let out a long, loud yelp, at the same time wrapping her muscular little legs around my sides. I was once again amazed at the amount of strength in that tiny body.

"Want to fuck me in the ass now?" she asked.

I was shocked! But before I had the chance to answer, she turned around and stuck her cute buns in the air, wiggling them in my face. I spread her cheeks wide apart and looked up her butt.

"Come on, what are you waiting for?" she said.

She traveled down my body until the tip of my cock was touching the rim of her asshole. My dick isn't unusually big, but I felt afraid to shove it in—afraid that I might split her in two.

"Butt-fuck me, you bastard!" she snapped. I got angry. I stuck my cock in up to the hilt, at the same time picking her up by the stomach, turning her over and throwing her facedown on the bed. She let out a loud grunt as she hit the mattress, but I was slightly crazed now, and I was pumping in and out of her bunghole like a maniac.

I was so wrapped up in what I was doing that I didn't hear the muffled cries coming from under me, sounding something like "mmpppgggghhhh." Then I opened my eyes. When I saw that she was suffocating, I eased up enough so that she could remove her face from the pillow.


"Jesus God, you're smothering me, you moron," she bawled.

I was mortified. *My God*, I thought, *I could have killed her.*

But the next second: "Hey, I didn't say stop. Just give me some breathing room. Let's go, hey?"

I butt-fucked her some more until we both came.

"Well," she said later as we lay back, "I've never been screwed quite like that before." She was neither the little child nor the horny creature she'd been moments before, but something in between. I couldn't quite figure out what her mood was until I saw that her eyes were wet. Mine grew wet too—so powerful were the emotions I was feeling.

So what can I tell you? What more could someone possibly want than to marry his fantasy? Bertha and I have been together more than a year now, and our sex life is a constant turn-on. She's got a great job as a masseuse in a health club for "little people." By the way, I'm the manager. And we've already met some little couples who are into swinging, which has opened up a great big new world for us. Or, more precisely, a great *little* one. 

(continued from page 52)

most bizarre cults ever to emerge from the cult center of the world." The Mighty I AM had, Mathison continued, "something for everyone. Thrills, chills, mysteries, anonymous foes, supernatural allies, fabulous riches just ahead. . ."

It was all spelled out in Ballard's book *Unveiled Mysteries* (perhaps plagiarized from Phyllos the Tibetan's *Dweller on Two Planets*), in which Ballard recounted meeting the legendary Saint Germain on the slopes of California's Mount Shasta in 1930. Saint Germain allegedly poured Ballard a "creamy liquid . . . from the Universal Supply" and demonstrated how he could "precipitate" a \$10 gold piece into his cupped palm. Together they flew off to visit "the buried cities of the Amazon, France, Egypt, Karnak, Luxor," all of which were filled with "jewels of all kinds—diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds and sapphires."

Beneath the Amazon's Madeira River the astonished Ballard claimed to have been introduced to the secret rulers of this planet, the Great White Brotherhood. "I saw an entire race of golden-haired people with beautiful pink and white complexions," Ballard wrote. They were giants, and their eyes were a "most beautiful violet-blue."

Saint Germain revealed that the Brotherhood "could raise the humblest of God's children who have sufficient preparation into wealth, power and prominence." The "sufficient preparation" entailed meditating upon the White Light of the God Presence and repeating: "I love the Light. I serve the Light. I live the Light." By 1935, Ballard would have 350,000 earnest disciples witlessly repeating the same Light-headed oath.

Ballard, his wife Edna and their son Donald toured the nation posing as the respective reincarnations of George Washington, Joan of Arc and Lafayette. Edna would go into trances and "dictate" messages from such Ascended Masters as Arcturus, the God of Liberty, while Donald would encourage people to buy the Ballards' books and pictures, including a very special portrait of Jesus Christ painted by one Charles Sindelar. According to the Ballards, Jesus had come down from heaven to shake their hands and subsequently spent 21 consecutive days posing for Sindelar. The painting—a big-seller—quite remarkably showed Jesus of Nazareth with golden-blond hair, a pink-white complexion and violet-blue eyes.

Ballard also told his followers that he could heal the sick and make himself

invisible, that he had access to a "lake of gold" and that he would never grow old or die. There was nothing Ballard couldn't do. And then, in 1939, an embarrassing thing happened: He died!

Edna had to explain to their followers that her husband had actually "ascended" to join the 96 other Masters hovering around Grand Teton, Wyoming. "The Ascended Masters are real and true," she said. "Our beloved Mr. Ballard is now one of them."

In 1940 the feds indicted Edna, Donald and seven cohorts (including the painter, Charles Sindelar). Edna "Lotus" Ballard was eventually fined \$8,000. Donald "Lafayette" Ballard disappeared. The Mighty I AM became just another has-been.

Then, in 1958, a mysterious gentleman named Mark L. Prophet appeared in Washington, D.C. Acting under the direction of one "El Morya, Chief of the Great White Brotherhood's Council at Darjeeling, India," he founded the Summit Lighthouse. Through the good offices of Mark Prophet and the Summit Lighthouse, Saint Germain and the Ascended Masters were destined to rise once again.

Two years before Mark Prophet showed up in Washington, Elizabeth Clare, then 18, left home—a New Jersey

shore town—"to look for Saint Germain." Five years later, as she tells it, she was a political-science student at Boston University, and she was still looking. One night in 1961, at her wits' end, the coed clambered to the roof of her apartment house and began yelling. "Saint Germain!" she stamped, shouting her petulance to the heavens, "I know you're up there! You've got to come and get me! We can't wait any longer! Things are moving too fast!"

Two weeks later Mark Prophet showed up in Boston to give a "dictation" from the Archangel Michael, and young Elizabeth was swept away. "It was just from the Great Central Sun!" is how she remembers it today.

Encouraged by El Morya, Elizabeth gave up everything and went to Washington to become a "feminine Messenger" for the Ascended Masters. Under his influence Elizabeth discovered that in his previous incarnations El Morya had been Melchior, one of the Three Wise Men who had "followed with mathematical precision the star of the Presence of the Manchild born to the Virgin Mary, and he carried the precious gift of gold—the golden electrode of the Mind of God." El Morya had also been King Arthur, Thomas a Becket, Sir (and Saint) Thomas More and Akbar the Great. During his stint as the Irish

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poet Thomas Moore he penned "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," and together with the Ascended Master Koot Hoomi Lal Singh, El Morya helped found Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society in 1875.

Mark took Elizabeth's "self" apart like one would a faulty pocketwatch. He disassembled her ego as if it were a rusty engine block. And he put the pieces back together in such a way that there would be, in Elizabeth's words, no "impurity upon the screen." After a three-year "initiation" Saint Germain anointed Elizabeth "The Messenger for the Great White Brotherhood," and she gave her first "dictation."

Realizing they were Twin Flames—i.e., spirits that had lived together through many incarnations—Mark and Elizabeth were married. They traveled about dictating for nearly 11 years and had four children. However, Mark Prophet himself remains a mystery.

We know Jesus was a carpenter, Buddha a prince, and Muhammad a camel driver, but when the question of Mark Prophet's early life was put to Summit University's Doug Kenyon, he was caught short. "You know," Kenyon marveled, "I don't really know a lot about Mark."

In his spiritual autobiography, *Climb the Highest Mountain*, Mark claimed he was born in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, in 1918, the son of Thomas and Mabel Prophet. (Records confirm that a Marcus L. Prophet was born December 24, 1918.) El Morya called him to service when he was 18 and working on the Soo Line Railroad.

But that's only *part* of the story, for, in the grand tradition of Guy "George Washington" Ballard, Mark also lay claim to a stellar lineage. Approaching the realm of science fiction, he claimed his evolution began on the planet Mercury before the fall of Atlantis. He came to Earth with the selfless Sanat Kumara, a citizen of Venus, who had offered to guard the sacred Mother Flame until mankind regained its lost spiritual plateau. (Mark is also credited with having been a priest at the Atlantan Temple of Logos *before* the Deluge.)

He was Lot (the biblical daughter-rut-ter), the Egyptian Pharaoh Ikhnaton, Aesop the Storyteller and Mark the Evangelist. In the days of King Arthur he was Sir Lancelot. (Elizabeth, we read elsewhere, was Guinevere, and Saint Germain was Merlin.) As Clovis he established the French monarchy, and as Saladin he conquered and united the Moslem world. He also claimed to have been Saint Bonaventure, the philoso-

pher Origen, Louis XIV and William Wadsworth Longfellow.

During World War II, Mark Prophet served in the U.S. Air Force, where his vast talents went entirely unnoticed. Finally, El Morya appointed him to found the Summit Lighthouse, and the supposed onetime ruler of Egypt, England and Jerusalem and the twice-ruler of France humbly began typing his first "dictations" on a little sheet entitled "Ashram Notes."

On February 26, 1973, Mark died at La Tourelle, the Prophet Retreat near Colorado Springs. "Mark left this plane very suddenly," Elizabeth said, but she saw his soul "enter into the plane of the I AM Presence" to become the Ascended Master Lanello. One church member said she believes Mark Prophet "died of a stroke."

"We received word within 24 hours from Lanello that he had successfully navigated the difficult passage," Doug Kenyon related.

While Mark was getting comfy in the hereafter, Elizabeth Clare Prophet was getting busy in the here-and-now. These were the days of Watergate, and Summit Lighthouse was soon to be embroiled in a scandal of its own—Mothergate.

In the months following Mark's death ("ascension") Elizabeth had been meditating with a young devotee named Randall Charles King. Photos taken at the time suggest that Elizabeth was becoming Mother in a more-than-symbolic sense.

On October 17, 1973, the Board of Directors of the Summit Lighthouse (headed by Elizabeth, of course) announced the marriage of Elizabeth and Randall on Ascension Hill in Idaho—on property owned by Prophet's Community of the Holy Spirit. Discord had been mounting. It had even reached the point where some "unanointed" staffers began to receive "dictations" of their own.

It was bad for morale to have conflicting Messages. Luckily for Elizabeth, beloved El Morya stepped forward to calm the waters. Speaking through Elizabeth, he lost his divine temper and proceeded to vilify and condemn "the impostors... who would speak in my name and give their false impressions." Then El Morya cooed, "Let there be no condemnation. Let there not be vilification! But let there be a mighty chorus in that one vote of confidence in the Mother and in the Messenger!"

Next up was Archangel Gabriel, who explained that what had really taken place was nothing less than "the immaculate conception of the Christ Child...!"

"Randall Charles King," thundered the Archangel, "stand before this altar to receive the blessing of Almighty God." Randall was commissioned a "Messenger from Mercury" and "Protector" of Elizabeth and her four children.

"And thus for sponsoring of the fifth of the children of the Mother Elizabeth, who is waiting for that Christed One to come forth," the Archangel boomed, "the entire Spirit of the Great White Brotherhood saluteth you!"

And lo! It came to pass that with the gods speaking on her behalf the Beloved Mother persuaded her flock that it was her critics, not she, who were laboring under a misconception.

What of "The Christed One"? That all seems forgotten now. Church members today do not speak of the "fifth child," and when asked about the current position of "Protector" Randall King, one church aide sounded utterly mystified. "Position?" he pondered. Then he brightened: "Oh, yes. He's a photographer!"

Elizabeth Clare Prophet went on to prove she was every bit as enterprising as her "ascended" husband, Mark. On Easter Sunday 1974 she hosted a "Convocation of the New Birth" in Los Angeles and advertised a special guest speaker—"Jesus the Christ." That week hundreds of Mother's brood, fully convinced that the Ambassador Hotel was to be the 15th Station of the Cross, flocked to the Embassy Room.

The first thing they encountered was a toll station. Seven bucks at the door. (Many poorly dressed young people were simply waved in with a smile.) At the far end of the hall a thin man dressed entirely in white leaned against the pulpit. He was bathed in violet light, and a huge scrim at his back glowed with a rear-projection portrait of Christ. It was Charles Sindelar's blond, violet-eyed Jesus!

The man in white led the crowd in a series of run-on incantations: "And in full faith I consciously accept this Manifest Manifest Manifest!..." (Guy Ballard's old "decrees" were being recycled 40 years later!) The result was a sound halfway between a snarl and a moan: a chant perfectly designed to build confidence by going directly to the mouth without first being processed by the mind.

"I AM pure. I AM right. Hold me in the Holy Light! I AM my law. I AM my Light. Hold me in thy Laws so Right! God who is my daily Bread: With Violet Fire fill my Head! I AM! I AM! I AM! God's Perfect Light!"

(continued on page 114)

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

Edited by Jim Dawson

We've broadened the scope of Mail-Order Feedback to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Besides us, we suggest you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

MAIL-DROP SHIFTIES

By its very nature the mail-order business is hard to monitor, and tracking down the rip-off artists behind the bogus companies is pretty much like trying to stick a pin through a glob of mercury. As soon as we expose a dealer, he simply changes the name of his operation or moves to another post-office box. We alert the postal authorities as soon as possible, but they are often burdened with a backlog of cases, or else, it seems, they've got better things to do—like opening your packages.

The sneakiest shifties run their scams out of mail drops—those small, independent (and sometimes Mob-related) companies that rent boxes out of a hole-in-the-wall office. Mail-drop owners are very protective of their clients, naturally, because secretiveness and discretion are integral parts of their business.

HUSTLER will continue investigating the crooks who operate from behind mail-drop addresses, no matter how difficult it sometimes seems. If certain mail-drop offices appear irresponsible in policing their own operations, we will be forced to put them on our Shifty Sellers List along with the rip-off dealers themselves.

BUNCO BLUES

In April I answered an ad for a \$1 offer from *Magazine Exchange* (7471 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046). I was supposed to receive five magazines from this offer. About four weeks later I received a signature card with another offer for \$8 that included magazines and films. I figured the signature card was a requirement for the five magazines I'd already ordered, so I signed it and forwarded \$8. The card itself said that if I sent it back within seven days, I'd receive the films.

Another four to six weeks passed, and still nothing. So I wrote the *Magazine Exchange* a note. Soon afterward I received the following form letter from *Mailers Service*:

"Regarding your enclosed letter please be advised that as of this date a nonpostal employee was arrested by the Los Angeles Postal Inspectors for theft of mail addressed to us. A large volume of mail spanning the

last six months was involved . . . [Probably] your original order was one of those lost in this theft. We deeply regret this most unfortunate incident, which obviously is a great inconvenience to us both.

"Although we are not responsible for mail we have not received, we would like to offset any financial loss to you. We are enclosing a special catalog from which you may select the items of your choice and deduct the full amount of your original remittance. However, this deduction may not exceed 70 percent of your order.

"We hope you will take advantage of this unique offer as it allows us to introduce our products and at the same time give you full credit for money that has been lost in the mail. Sincerely, N. Delroy."

The letter seems a little suspect to me because with it they sent a *third* offer for discount films to cover any lost. I think I've been had. Can you help?—R.S., Bensenville, Illinois.

Apparently you've been the victim of mail-order bunco. These postal punks are obviously shifty because (1) they offer a shitload of merchandise for ridiculously low prices, and (2) they try to sucker you in with a couple of small come-on investments in hopes of making you "throw good money after bad."

We tried to get hold of both the Magazine Exchange and Mailers Service and came up with very little. Mailers Service is located at Suite 609 in the United California Bank Building at 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028. However, it is not registered as a business in the County of Los Angeles records, nor is it listed in the phone book or with Ma Bell's information. Shit fire, Mailers Service is not even posted on the directory board in the lobby of the UCB Building! Trizec Western, Inc., the agency that rents out office space at 6255 Sunset, was reluctant to tell us anything, and when we contacted Suite 609, which is a mail-drop business, the lady there acted like she didn't know what we were talking about. "Mailers who?" she asked.

Mailers Service is only one of several names of the rip-off rectums who operate out of Suite 609. There are also Mailers Reminders, Mailers Service Company, Mailers Reply, Mailers Company and Collectors Service, and they're all related like butt-fucking brothers. Their network extends to addresses all over Los Angeles and probably even to New York. Several sister companies operate out of a mail drop at 7471 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046 (including the aforementioned Magazine Exchange), and at mailboxes in various post offices. Some California addresses to watch out for are: P.O. Boxes 27041 and 27932 in Hollywood 90027; P.O. Boxes 85097, 85311 and 85417 in Hollywood 90072; P.O. Box 32 in North Hollywood 91603; P.O. Box 8476 in Universal City

91608; P.O. Box 505 (Zip 91408) and P.O. Box 2666 (Zip 91401) in Van Nuys; and P.O. Box 44241, listed variously as being in Van Nuys or Panorama City, but with the same Zip code, 91412.

We've notified the postal authorities.

We might add right now that two dealers at 6255 Sunset Boulevard—Booster Products and World Traders—are NOT shifties.

ANOTHER GOOD GUY

Several readers have written to us praising the service of *Adult Film Exchange* (P.O. Box 202, Dyker Heights Station, Brooklyn, New York 11228). AFX offers the world's largest erotic-film lending library—about 3,000 flicks, including porn classics such as *Deep Throat*. If you'd like to join the club, a year's membership costs \$10.95. Write to George Schneider and ask for details.

TAKE A SNIFF OF THIS

Stacy, HUSTLER's famous Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold Honey from August 1977, is now starring in two 8mm color films, one with a black partner and one with a white man. Stacy's orifices, when teamed with the black stud (film P.G. 46), are sure to please, but her white-on-white performance (film P.G. 45) is marred by an editor who possibly used a meat cleaver in the cutting room. Unless you're the type who jerks off to disconnected flashes of cooze on the screen, film P.G. 45 will leave you cold.

You can order Stacy from *Leyland, Inc.* (2106 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21231). Films P.G. 45 and P.G. 46 are available in regular 8mm and Super 8 at \$25 each, or two for \$45.

UNCLE IGOR

If you'd like to tell your kids about sex but don't know how to do it without stuttering, Kenneth Yudowitch says he's got the solution. Yudowitch provides the voice of "Uncle Igor, a kindly old guy from the old country," who talks about sexual matters on his tape, *The Facts of Life*. "Side One," he says, "is for youngsters aged nine to 12, and Side Two is for teens." Igor discusses such things as human plumbing, masturbation, birth control, coitus and "fooling around," but there's nothing really salacious here that would anger an intelligent parent. A nine-year-old could turn the tape to Side Two without being corrupted.

To be frank, *The Facts of Life* gets a little tiresome if you're over 16, and Igor's Yiddish accent isn't completely kosher. But your kids may get a kick out of it and learn something to boot. You can order *Facts* on cassette for \$6.47 (including tax and postage) from *Uncle Igor Productions* (P.O. Box 948, Cupertino, California 95014.)

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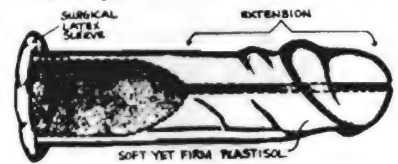
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If you are fed up with having to pay \$ 30 or more for a single, bad quality 8 mm sexfilm, this will be big news for you: We, Paul & Petra Ltd, one of the largest and most well-known sex mail order houses in Europe, with offices all over the continent, now introduce our exciting line of more than 1000 film titles for the first time in the USA! To win you as our customer, we make this special, once-only offer: For a mere \$ 55 you get **not less than five sexfilms, all in color, Super 8 mm** (regular 8 upon special request)! Each film of **top technical quality, in explicit color, optical reduction printed direct from the original!** These five sexfilms are **selected from the very best sexfilms from West Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and the USA** (the uncut export-version up to now only sold in Europe)! **Untouched by censors, all packed with explosive sex!** You will enjoy hot lovemaking in many variations and positions with funloving, young and beautiful and **uninhibited models!**

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Each film is guaranteed to arouse you! **Send your order today!** Discrete delivery! All films come in their original **deluxe collectors boxes!**

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YES, YOU GOT IT RIGHT!

NOW, PLEASE SIT DOWN WHILE YOU READ THIS SO YOU WON'T FALL BACKWARDS! THIS IS OUR MOST EXCEPTIONAL OFFER EVER!!! WHEN YOU ORDER THE BIG OFFER WITH THE TEN FILMS YOU ALSO GET A FILMPROJECTOR FOR SUPER 8 MM AND REGULAR 8 WITH ZOOM - WITHOUT PAYING A CENT EXTRA!!!

Yes, a truly fantastic offer! "What's the catch?" - you may ask - well there's **none - guaranteed - absolutely none!** This is the reason for this splendid offer. Many sexfilm-lovers do not have a Super 8 mm projector or do not own a projector at all! Since almost all homemovies today are made in Super 8 mm (and all the film-cameras, too, for that matter) we like to enable those people too, to enjoy Paul & Petras vast selection of Super 8 mm sexfilms, and win even more permanent customers! Therefore we have decided to give away Super 8 mm filmprojectors! And it's a film-projector of a known brand too, runs on standard current, and has many features such as cooling fan, automatic film loading, zoom etc! And best of all - a dual film size switch so you can show your old Regular 8 mm films too!

Of course, this would not be fair to all our customers that already own a Super 8 mm projector. So for this reason, we will deliver **without charging one cent extra, the film projector to everybody that orders our big ten film offer!** If you have a Super 8 mm filmprojector already you can use the extra projector as a spare or give it away to a friend! **An extraordinary opportunity for those who do not possess a Super 8 mm projector! Order your ten films and the free projector today** and enjoy the magnificent Paul & Petra-films in the privacy of your home in a few days!!!

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(continued from page 108)

There it was: "The Mighty I AM" reborn. Prophet calls this "I AM" the "secret name of God." Psychoanalysts like Irvine Schiffer, however, call it a "naïve oversimplification . . . that ignores the more complex and highly organized institution of the psyche called the ego."

A torrent of amplified guru-babble about "Violet Flames" and "Christ Lights of the Seven Rays" commenced. Reason was mugged in this echo chamber. One "decree" condemned "all jazz and destructive sex energy," and another demanded that Archangel Michael and Saint Germain save the faithful from "the Luciferian hordes of darkness. . . ."

Suddenly the chanting stopped. Elizabeth Clare Prophet ascended the stage. She turned to face the projected image of Sindelar's painting of Jesus. The chandelier-light dimmed, and Handel's *Messiah* poured from the speakers. Appearing to fall into a trance, Prophet turned to face the hushed audience; then she spoke.

Ironically, "Jesus" sounded exactly like Elizabeth Clare Prophet. The "dictation" lifted freely from Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—but cut the deck with lines about "radiant energy spiraling up to the Heart of God." It was the familiar litany—Flames, Radiance, Purity. Some people fell asleep during this "Second Coming."

When the lights came back on, the audience rose to its feet and, turning toward the exits, found that barricades of tables had been erected across the rear of the hall. They were covered with portraits of the Prophets, the Masters and the Holy Mother. Many items proved to be identical to the "relics" the Ballards had been pushing in the same town three decades earlier!

Scapulars the size of soda crackers sold for \$7. Another table glittered with gold and silver medallions. "The coin of Heaven's Realm!" brochures brayed. "Your surest safeguard against inflation and another devaluation of the dollar." "Stamped with powerful thoughtforms of Freedom!" There were gold bars illustrated with the "Adoration of the Magi" and "freedom medals" with "protective" slogans like "I AM That I AM" and "UNO." All available from Lanella Reserves, "a name you can trust for: Gold and Silver Investments, Emergency Food Supplies, Survival Equipment, Home and Office Water Purifiers."

Inside several Lucite display cases were models of ships built with 24-carat gold and .999-fine silver. The *pièce de résistance* was "The Royal Coach," a com-

posite of two of Napoleon Bonaparte's personal carriages. "Eight pounds of noble metals. Sixteen inches by eight. Only 100 of these available. Get them while they last. \$5,000 each!"

At one of the counters a small, white-haired woman was stooped over the medallions, listening to the directions of one of the vendors, a smiling "Child of Light."

"This is the first time I've ever written a check," she confessed. "I usually pay cash." With an uncertain hand she wrote a check for \$82.50 and proudly pushed it over, asking, "Is that all right?"

The Child of Light bit his smile and passed it back. "I'm sorry, ma'am. The price is 82 dollars and 52 cents."

The Mellowing of Guru Ma: A lot has changed in the four years since "Jesus" packed the Embassy Room. The Ascended Masters University closed. Lanella Reserves disappeared. The Church Universal and Triumphant regrouped in Colorado. But after unspecified problems with authorities, Elizabeth relocated to Pasadena, where the laws, as one Church staffer remarked confidentially, "are more tolerant." Abandoning the batteries-and-electrodes version of the Divine Presence pushed by Mark, Elizabeth Prophet has boldly joined forces with the counterculture, emphasizing more and more religious doctrines of the East.

Bhajans (Hindu devotional songs) are gaining ground over Guy Ballard's "decrees"; karma and *chakras* are substituting for "White Fire Core," "Forcefields of Energy" and "Lower Bodies." The patter has become contemporary, although Saint Germain's mantra for the Aquarian Age remains: "I am a being of Violet Fire; I am the purity God desires."

Prophet's transformation from Light Keeper to Zen Mother was made official on July 4, 1977, when 2,000 people gathered in Pasadena for her coronation as "Guru Ma."

It has not been all sweetness and Light, however. In November 1977, when she appeared on a talk show on KQED-FM, San Francisco (produced by the New Dimensions Foundation), Guru Ma ran into a shit-storm of spiritual static.

One caller phoned in to challenge Prophet's claim that Padma Sambhava had placed "the mantle of the Buddhas" upon her. Was she aware, the caller wanted to know, of the prediction "that Sambhava made a thousand years ago" concerning the false prophets pretending to offer "interpretations coming through spirit energies speaking in

voices . . . that actually these energies would be seeking to destroy the true *dharma* [ideal truth]. . . ?"

Another listener wondered if Guru Ma was in touch with the "other Messengers, like David Spengler, who channels a lot of Saint Germain's wisdom." Prophet turned icy. "I'm sorry," she huffed, "I don't know him." And then there was the fellow who offered the "two signs of false prophets" from the *Lost Book of the Apostles*: (1) If they ask for money for themselves, shun them; and (2) if they spend three days at the kibbutz without working, kick them out!

Mother's tone grew righteous. "I have taken the vow of poverty in many lifetimes," she said (obviously *not* referring to those happy days as Queen of Camelot). "I cannot in any way, shape or form take money for teachings." If someone buys a book, a recording or a recycled portrait of Christ, "they are not paying for that teaching," she explained, "because that is priceless." The Church sells only paper and ink, postage and handling. Paradoxically, "Bibles are sold, but the teaching is not sold."

"I personally do not own anything," Prophet said. "I've turned over everything that I have to the Church." The statement is true. It is also convenient, since Mother Prophet is the Church: She gets the pride of ownership without the penalty of taxation. The expensive jewels Prophet often wears on all ten fingers—amethysts, diamonds, emeralds, rubies and topaz—are a "focus of energy." They are also "gifts" owned by the Church. In like manner, a mansion can become an "ashram," a tax-free facility of the Church even though it may be exceedingly lavish and also serve as a residence.

In addition to Camelot-in-Malibu, the realm of Prophet extends to Santa Barbara, California, where the Church operates a "Motherhouse" on a two-acre site. In 1974 the Ascended Masters themselves dedicated another purchase—160 acres in the Los Padres National Forest near Big Sur. This property (the Maitreya Mountain Retreat) serves as a bivouac for those select "seminarians" willing to pay by the day. Back in 1973 the Church acquired 340 acres near Harrison, Idaho, overlooking the Lake of Coeur d'Alene. The land was cleared by volunteers and equipped with an insulated, air-conditioned ranch house "prepared for the Divine Mother and Her Seed."

The hub of this profitable ballyhoo, however, is Summit University, which was kicked off in February 1977 with a \$111,043 grant from Prophet's parent corporation, the Church Universal and



"Shall I carve it or would you like to?"

Triumphant (the grant included \$16,775 in video-production equipment). The University's Pasadena campus was leased for two years at a cost of \$317,400. On March 22, 1977, the State of California granted Summit its tax-exempt status as an "educational corporation." Elizabeth Clare Prophet's school of self-ascension (having been reorganized, renamed and relocated four times in as many years) was open for business in Southern California.

According to the Articles of Incorporation on file in Sacramento, the University offers "programs of study in religion, culture, science and in the liberal arts," but, like its forerunner, the Ascended Masters University, its brochures advertise instead "initiations that are necessary for you to make the transition from the Piscean to the Aquarian Dispensation." Prospective students are tantalized with the promise that Sunday-morning classes will be "highlighted by the extraordinary sermons of Jesus the Christ" ("through the Messenger").

With eager students paying more than \$1,400 per quarter, it was estimated that Summit University would gross \$451,800 in its first year. (Tuition has since been lowered to \$1,250.) Not that the Board of Directors of the Church Universal and Triumphant worried about their grant to the Board of Regents of Summit University—the same five people serve on both panels.

Summit University offers a degree as Minister of the Church Universal and Triumphant upon completion of five quarters of instruction. In between *each* quarter, however, students are required to perform "at least one period of service at a local branch of the Church Universal and Triumphant" and may be assigned "special projects" to be completed before graduation.

Another source of support comes from Prophet's "Keepers of the Flame Fraternity." Currently estimated at 3,000 strong, it was founded in 1961 by Saint Germain (through Messenger Mark Prophet) for one stated purpose: "That of cutting the blessed Summit Lighthouse Activity free from dependence on the whims of mankind by banding together those faithful adherents who will keep a *steady, dependable flow of needed finances available to our Messengers and staff* in utter defiance of the forces of communism, greed, selfishness and the hoard of evil." [Author's emphasis.]

But top profit-making honors go to the Ascended Masters themselves for providing the Church with "dictations" for the Messenger. Mother's brood snaps up her unending supply of taped

"dictations," conference recordings and divinely authored books as though their lives depended on it. In fact, the Church *tells* them their lives *do* depend on these "dictations," which are "an invaluable source of the latest up-to-the-minute revelations." The promotional pitch, moreover, promises purchasers that "each time a dictation is played . . . the radiation released . . . not only benefits you, the listener, but also serves to bless and protect your home and entire community." Two cassettes: \$12.50.

The recorded teachings of the Ascended Masters are a capitalist "miracle." The "dictations" form an inexhaustible source of cheap, finished and eminently marketable goods. Of course, the eager disciples form a ready and easily exploited market. The Divine Mother's religion becomes a consumer item much like children's breakfast cereals—sweet, and containing a lot of "empty calories."

Confusion is the rationale for acceptance. As one student of the Church's teachings put it, "It's all so complex and involved and vast that you just come to assume it's *got* to be true." Meanwhile, Divine Mother (or a surrogate tape from "Lanello's Library of Listening Grace") is always nearby, dispensing help to dissolve "hatred, sadness, moodiness, financial problems, lack of success, problems in the home, education, job and so forth" and promising "the day when our company of Light-bearers are wholly ascended."

Maybe "The Mother of the Flame" is legit. Maybe there *are* Ascended Masters. The Bible is filled with prophets, heavenly voices and angels of God. If we can accept that Jesus of Nazareth rose physically, why not Saint Germain of Atlantis or Mark Prophet of Chippewa Falls? We can't *really* know for sure.

The federal government ran into this very problem when it attempted to prosecute the Ballards back in the 1940s: At one point the court ruled that the government had not been able to prove that Jesus had *not* stepped off a cloud to shake hands with Guy Ballard and pose for a portrait.

And what *if* Guru Ma is (knowingly or not) misleading thousands with her sugar-coated Cult of the Self? Kellogg's continues to make a fortune off Sugar Pops. Why shouldn't Guru Ma continue making a fortune from her eclectic verbiage and from hawking images of Saint Germain's "Electronic Presence"? As the Ballards' attorney, Charles H. Carr, argued to the jury before it retired: "Is it criminal to defraud people of frowns, disharmony, bad habits, fear of failure

and the lack of faith in a Supreme Being?" Is Elizabeth Clare Prophet, like the Ballards, "a new type of criminal—highwaymen who teach people to be good"?

The fact is that Elizabeth Clare Prophet isn't wholly benign. Her faith masks a political strategy every bit as insidious as that of the Unification Church. And her troops are won to her ideas through similar techniques.

One of the major vehicles for communicating Ma-Thought is a weekly newspaper, *Pearls of Wisdom*, which offers the latest "dictations" of the Ascended Masters. Despite the tax-exempt prohibition against partisan hanky-panky (and despite the Ascended Masters' own frequent protestations that they are "above politics"), *Pearls* carries a message that is typically more archconservative than archangelic.

The Masters have recently condemned abortion, child pornography and the Equal Rights Amendment. On the plus side the Masters are all for Walt Disney, a strong America, the defense of Taiwan and the purchase of gold.

Camelot is expanding. In September 1976 Elizabeth Prophet and four companions flew over to Accra, Ghana, to "deliver" the Children of Africa from what Archangel Michael called "the ancient foci of darkness, of black magic and witchcraft, of voodoo which has been cast as a spell over the land. . . ." The Reverend Herbert Krakue welcomed Mother. She consecrated Herbert "Bishop of the Church Universal and Triumphant in Ghana and for All of Africa."

The highlight of the investiture was the revelation that the ever-adaptable Ascended Masters had opened the ranks of the Great White Brotherhood to the first *real* soul brother—Ascended Master Afra! "I am your brother, not your lord," Afra dictated modestly. Right on, Brother Afra!

But it is right here in the States that Mother is gaining most of her troops. And Summit University is boot camp. There are the same long days and drills, concentrated study and strict regimentation common to both the Marines and the Moonies. If the goal of the Unification Church is to produce Moonies, the effect of Mother's University is to turn out "Mombies"—earnest and happy young people who can talk for hours on the intricate digressions of the Teachings but who, when one speaks with them, seem virtually unable to analyze or control situations concerning the randomly ordered flux of the real world.

How do they get that way? It all starts
(continued on page 121)

Honey

TEXT: BRUCE NETHERCUT ART: BRIAN FORBES

HONEY'S ADVANCING PREGNANCY HAS PUSHED HER LIFE (AND HER STOMACH) IN STRANGE DIRECTIONS. SHE TRIES TO ESCAPE FROM HER PROBLEMS WITH HEAVY DOSES OF THE TUBE.

HONEY REGULARLY TUNES IN THE REVEREND BILLY CRACKER, THE SILVER-TONGUED PASTOR OF PRIME TIME.

YEW MAHT BE SICK, YEW MAHT BE POOOOR, YEW MAHT BE DEE-PRESSED, YEW MAHT EVEN BE A COMMUNIST OR HOMOSEXUOOL, BUT GAWD LOVES YEW!

WHAT A LOAD OF BS! UNDERNEATH THAT TAILORED SUIT AND THAT GRECIAN-FORMULA HAIR IS ONE BIG CASH REGISTER!

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE HE CAN HELP ME.

AN' I HAVE SPECIAL NEWS FOR ALL YEW WATCHIN' ME ON CHANNEL 3. I WILL BE APPEARIN' IN YOUR CITY NEXT WEEK WITH MAH HEAVENLEE BODY CHORALE HERE!

THE FOLLOWING WEEK HONEY JOINS THE CIRCUS CONGREGATING FOR BILLY CRACKER.

PSST, LADY..

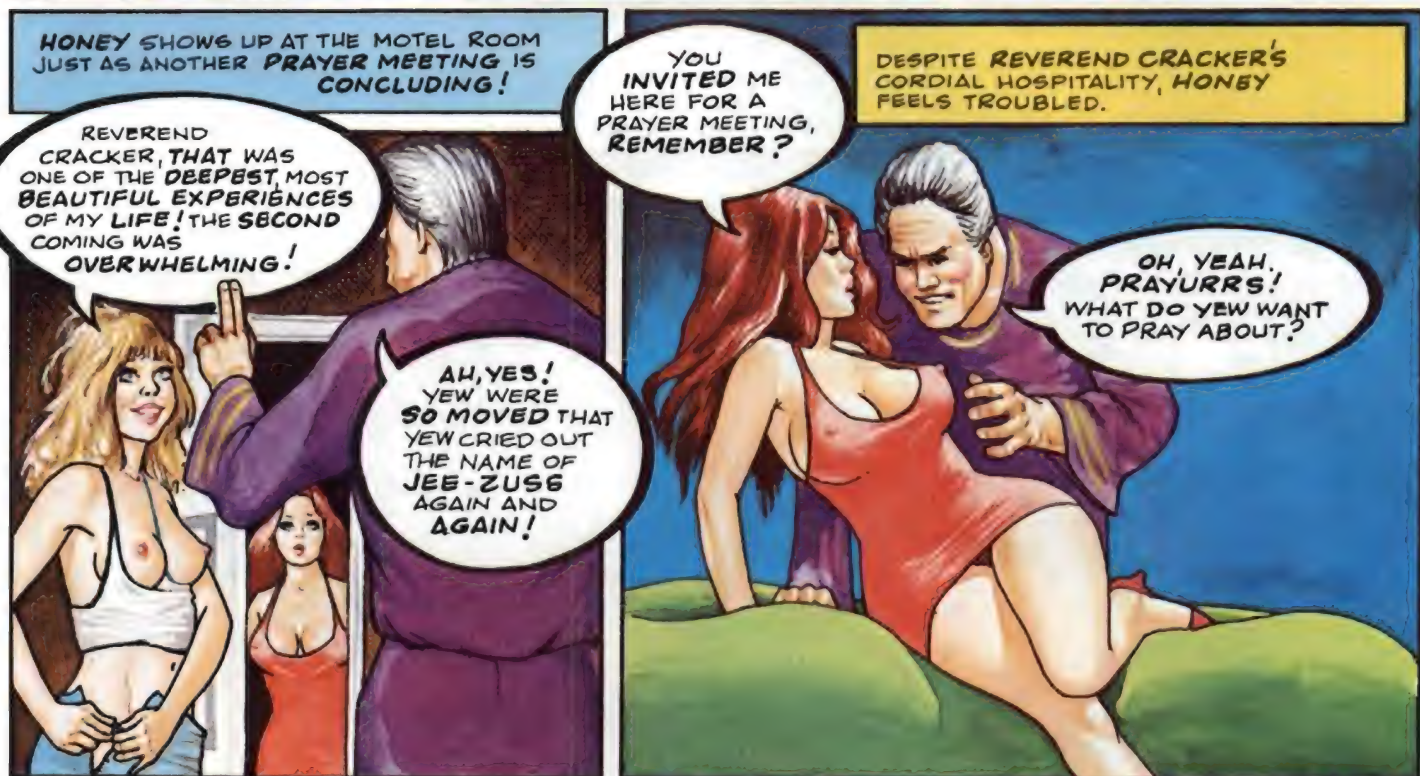
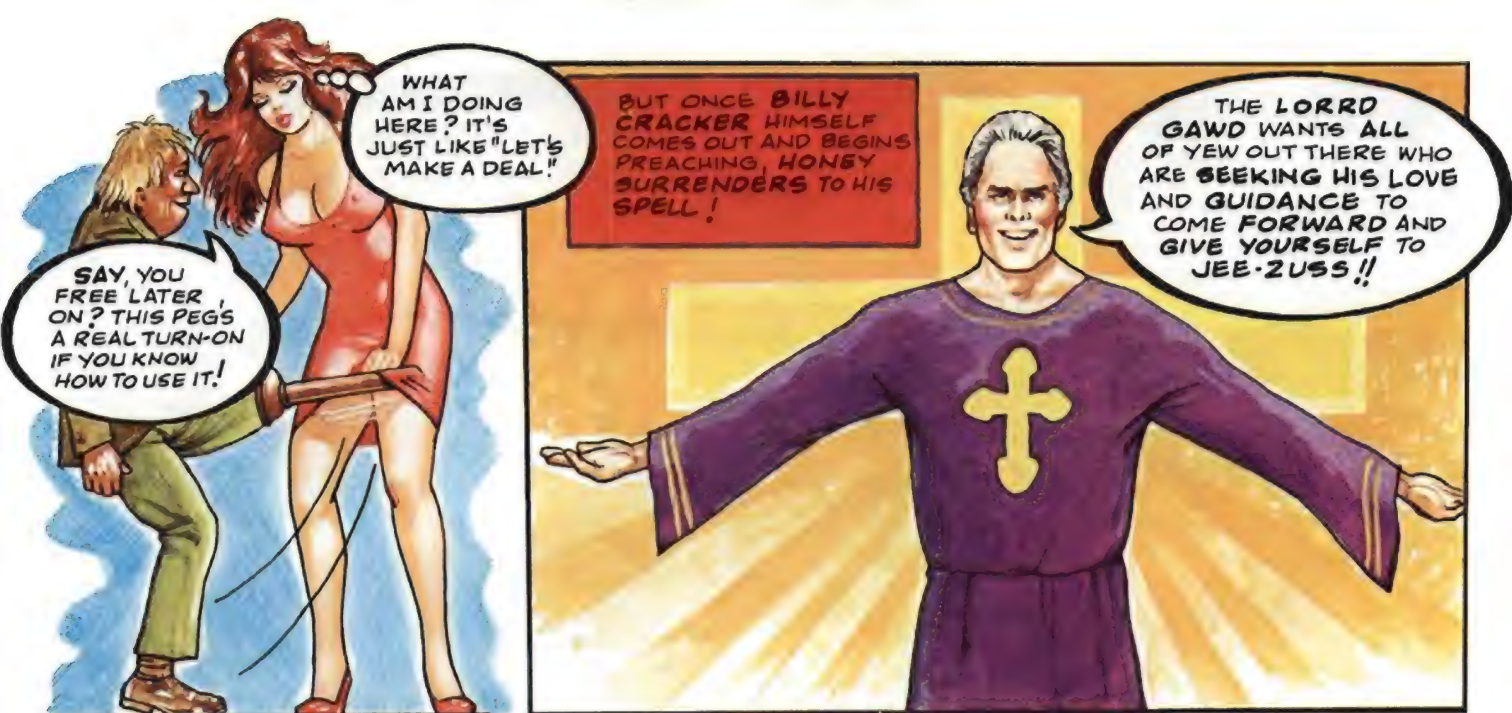
??

I WONDER IF JESUS HIMSELF WAS AS HANDSOME?

TOM! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THE GARNER TED SHOW. WHAT'S NEW?

NOT MUCH. I'M BLIND AGAIN AND MY LEFT ARM IS STILL PARALYZED, BUT EYES AND LIMBS ARE REVEREND BILLY'S SPECIALTIES!

NO! HE WAS SHORT... AND JEWISH!!



WELL...
I'M GOING
TO HAVE A
BABY.

WUNDERRFUL!!

BUT I'M
THINKING
ABOUT AN
ABORTION.

SAC-REE-
LIDGE! GAWD
LOVES LIFE!
GAWD LOVES
BABIES!!

REVEREND CRACKER DRAGS HONEY
INTO THE "DIRECT-LINE SHRINE" HE
HAS INSTALLED FOR SUCH SPIRITUAL
CRISES.

YEW MUST
CLENZE YOURSELF OF
ALL EE-VUL! STRIP
NEKKID BEFORE GAWD
AND BEG FOR YOUR
REDEMPSHUN!!

THE LAWD
GAWD WORKS IN
MYSTEEREEUS
WAYS!!

THEY
NEVER TALKED
ABOUT THIS
PART IN SUNDAY
SCHOOL.

URGH!
THIS WASN'T
THE TYPE OF
PRAYER I HAD
IN MIND!

WHILE HONEY WRESTLES WITH HER SOUL,
REVEREND CRACKER TACKLES THE MORE
VISIBLE PARTS OF HER ANATOMY!

AFTER ESCAPING FROM CRACKER'S
CLUTCHES, HONEY VOWS
REVENGE!!

ALL RIGHT!!
YOU HAVE
CONVINCED
ME!!

I'LL EXPOSE
THAT HORNIER-
THAN-THOU CREEP
SOMEHOW!!

ANOTHER
VICTURRY FOR THE
CHRISCHIN WAY OF LIFE!
YOUR STORY WILL BE AN
INSPEERAYSHUN TO
MAH TV AWDEEBUNCE
NEXT WEEK!

HONEY DECIDES TO DO A LITTLE BONYING UP BEFORE HER TV APPEARANCE.

BEFORE THE TAPING THAT NIGHT, HONEY IS ANYTHING BUT NERVOUS.

AS REVEREND BILLY'S WEEKLY 'LOVE-IN FOR THE LORD' WORKS UP TO A BIG CLIMAX...

BILLY, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SHOWING ME THE WAY TO HEAVEN!

AND NOW A POOR, STRAY LAMB OF GAWD WHO FOUND HERSELF PREG-NINT AND WAS ACTUALLY CONTIMPLATIN' ABORRSHUN! WELL, I AM HAPPY TO SAY SHE CAME UNTO ME AND SAW THE LITE! C'MERE, HONEY.

ALL THE CREDIT GOES TO GAWD, DEAR CHILD. AH'M JUST HIS HUMBLE TRANSMITTER... AND RIGHT NOW MAH ANTENNA IS PICKING UP A POWERFUL SIGNAL FROM YEW, BUT AH MEAN, LATER...

THERE MUST BE OTHERS WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN TOUCHED BY REVEREND CRACKER!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE REVEREND CRACKER IS SO FULL OF THE MIRACLE OF LIFE THAT HE HAS SHARED IT WITH THESE TWO LUCKY MEMBERS OF HIS CHORALE!

AND THIS BROAD-MINDED CHRISTIAN HAS SPENT ALMOST AS MUCH TIME TRYING TO IMPLANT THE MIRACLE OF LIFE IN THE BACKSEAT OF HIS CHAUFFEUR, TOMMY LEE SWISHER!

REVEREND CRACKER ABORTS HONEY'S TESTIMONIAL AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. BUT HIS REAL ARMAGEDDON AWAITS BACKSTAGE!

LIAR! HYPOCRITE! FOR-NEE-CATE-TOR!!

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOIN' ON HERE?!!

C'MON NOW, DEAR. AT LEAST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK!

I THINK FROM HERE ON OUT I'LL DEAL WITH MY OWN SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS. THESE MEN OF THE CLOTH ALL SEEM TO BE DYING TO TAKE THEIR CLOTHS OFF!!

WHEW, YOU REALLY SURPRISED ME THERE!

HONEY'S STILL GOT THAT ENLARGING RESPONSIBILITY GNAWING AWAY IN HER TUMMY. SHOULD SHE GET AN ABORTION OR HAVE THE BABY? IT'S UP TO YOU—
SEND YOUR VOTE TO: "HONEY IN TROUBLE,"
2029 CENTURY PARK EAST, SUITE 3800,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
90067.

PROFILE: ELIZABETH PROPHET

(continued from page 116)

at 7 a.m. with mandatory morning chapel. From that point on the students are under watchful eyes, and sworn to obey the code of conduct, which bans sex, dating and "taking walks."

In America everyone has a guaranteed right to be hoodwinked, hoaxed or hornswoggled by whatever belief strikes his or her fancy. Be it UFOs, Laetrile or family planning, the First Amendment assures the believer "it ain't nobody's business but your own."

In Sacramento, James H. Giroud, the former manager for Exempt Corporations with the California Franchise Tax Board, was taken aback when he discovered his office had granted exempt status to a concern founded by a man who claims to have been a 12,000-year-old citizen of the planet Mercury. Giroud hastened to explain, however, that exemption requests are "approved on the basis of the filing statements alone." Anyway, he added, no matter how strange a group's beliefs may be, "we are not permitted to question anyone's religion."

Of the 18 counts listed on the federal indictment against Guy and Edna Ballard, founders of "The Mighty I AM" cult, at least 11 are seemingly being committed today by Elizabeth Clare Prophet's Church Universal and Triumphant, Inc. But in Los Angeles an investigator with the county District Attorney's Office threw his hands up in a gesture of helplessness. "We can't do anything unless we receive a complaint," he said, shaking his head in amazement at the chronic excesses of Prophet's printed claims. So far no one has complained.

Sure, the Church of Guru Ma is making a lot of money off religion, the D.A.'s man agreed. "But," he added with a grin, "how is it really any different from Reverend Ike or Billy Graham?"

And so it stands. There is profit in being a prophet, and when a religion comes complete with a slick, 60-page four-color catalog listing more than 325 items for purchase, it's time for the buyer to beware.

But don't bother calling the California Department of Corporations to check up on Summit University—that little piece of Camelot where Guru Ma offers "the greatest teachers the world has ever known . . . the lost teachings of Christ . . . the inner secrets of the mystery schools . . . mantras unspoken since the days of ancient Lemuria."

"Summit University?" they'll reply. "Yes, they are in good standing."

RFK ASSASSINATION

(continued from page 104)

named James Earl Ray (who stayed in a Hollywood hotel in the weeks prior to the Martin Luther King assassination). Diana said she was "absolutely positive" that Bryan also mentioned the man convicted of that killing.

Ultimately, the role of Dr. Bryan points up the need for a special prosecutor to actually delve into the battery of unanswered questions surrounding the death of Robert F. Kennedy. For example, what was the actual nature of Jerry Owen's association with Sirhan? Who was the girl in the polka-dot dress?—was she the equivalent of the Queen of Hearts in *The Manchurian Candidate*, there to trigger Sirhan's trance?

Sirhan's gun held only eight shots. Who fired the rest—including the fatal shots? What about security guard Thane Cesar? What are the connections between the RFK assassination and other political and quasipolitical killings perpetrated in America during the past 15 years?

As the police inspector in Eric Ambler's classic *A Coffin for Dimitrios* admonishes, "The important thing to know about assassinations is not who fired the gun, but who paid for the bullets."

COUNTRY OF AFTERWARD

(continued from page 90)

and moved it to cup her nipple. She sighed and, lying very still, he felt the nipple increasing in his palm. The fear and indignation and demand were manifest, down there somewhere, but he would not, for this moment, permit that to matter. What mattered was lying still and warm and rested, appreciating this almost motionless movement, the erection of a nipple in his palm.

With amazement and delight he became aware that his own erection was matching hers. *I'm 58 years old!* but: *So?* And how long had it been since his last explosion? Surely not very long; but, then, there was no time in this place, and if it had been only a short time, too short a time ago to make another one possible, that seemed not to matter any more than the numbers attached to the years he had lived. *So?...*

Mistrusting his own evidence, he felt the urge to reach down and feel himself to be sure it was true; and oh, and oh! it was true. And when she felt his movement, the woman flung back the covers and spun around, rising—a beautiful movement that ended with her seated on his groin with most of her weight carried by her knees, and his penis buried deep inside her. He looked up at her;



"You'd look like that, too, if you had a Christmas tree shoved up your ass."

she was magnificent rearing up, with a muscled torso and firm breasts, the nipples standing out proud; she threw back her head atop its strong column of neck, her teeth gleamed, and she climaxed immediately. He had never seen nor felt anything quite so marvelous.

There is that in all humans which captures an experience in all its aspects, sight, sound, sensation, indelibly; and Mr. Michaelmas knew in this moment he had a memory, a nested jewel in his personal treasure chest, which would far outlast any tangible thing he had ever owned, and which, unlike stocks and bonds and country houses (or, for that matter, a welfare check, should he ever come to that) could never, never be taken from him.

Three times she moved, up and down; then, throwing her head from side to side and crying out, she came again, with a series of spastic contractions so powerful that she ejected his penis, which she quickly recaptured and then was still, so that he might feel her cascading aftershocks. She bent forward and locked his eyes with her own, while her face became smooth, almost slack, as she began to move again. The smooth, oiled pressure of her vagina increased steadily as she approached another climax; breathless, almost awed, pinned by the intensity of those eyes, he felt his own currents rising in response to hers.

Her mouth twisted, her eyes screwed shut, back went her head, and she howled and she came, *and so did he*, oh, and so did he!

Gasping, she slid her knees down and out from under her and fell weakly on top of him, driving the wind out of his laboring lungs, rolled to the side and lay against him, panting and smiling and sharing his breath.

It was hardly a conscious movement, but he put an arm around her, and she shifted until their bodies fit and they quieted together, reading each other's eyes in the dimness. He could feel the thud of her heart. In time they slipped unmoving into a quiet space, not sleeping, not awake either: just being.

After a time (in this place where there was no time) she sighed and sat up. She hit a switch somewhere, and an oval of light etched itself on the bed from a floor lamp nearby. "Look," she said. "Look at this." She arranged herself with her legs wide apart and the light flooding down on her crotch "Did you ever really look at one of these?"

He never had; never, certainly, on a black woman before. The hair was thick and blue-black and, in the center, divided on an area of a red quite surprising in its intensity. She began to speak, her strong slender fingers moving from time to time in demonstration. Her voice was full and rich, and her diction faultless.

She said: "This is the beginning; this is where it all starts—life and joy and all the things that come from both of them. Look at it; look here: I read of a little girl who saw a picture of it and said, 'Oh, it's just like a flower!' And indeed it is; see the petals here and here? See how it folds into itself?"

"See the wetness, yours and mine together. I honor the wetnesses of the body, especially when they come from loving, and most especially when they are mingled. Your sweat is drying on me, and mine on you, and I think that is just beautiful.

"Look. Look. Look at the shape of it. Forget for a moment what it is, and just draw in your mind the shape of it. Do you see there the shape of the arch, the Gothic arch you'll find in the great old cathedrals? Do you recall how many of them surmount and surround those gorgeous round rose windows, exploding with all the colors there are, and with all the light God and man can pour through them, each in his turn? If you think for a moment, man, that I'm irreverent when I make this comparison, or that I'm out to destroy worship and holiness, you've got me all wrong. I believe with all my heart that God made us as He would have us be, and that when we make joy with what He gave us, we praise Him for his good works. I think the idea of such

praise began long before there was a church, any church, and that this special joy and the act of worship were once the same thing, and that they were driven apart by dried-up old men who had lost the joy and found a way to substitute power for it—earthly power, not heavenly power.

"Look! You are looking at the gates to heaven, not the gates to hell! You are looking at an altar, man, at which you can worship a woman and through her Woman with a capital letter: all life and all joy.

"Then if you can learn to think of all this in this special way, go outside a cathedral and look up, and if you can't see the symbolism of those strong stretching columns and towers and steeples reaching toward God, then I do indeed pity you.

"When a man gets horny and needs his ashes hauled and drives in here and dumps them, he commits a sacrilege. When a man stabs in here with a rape, he violates the intention of God who made him. When he comes to it with joy and reverence, he worships. And if he comes to it with love—man, he has it all."

"I never..." Mr. Michaelmas started to say, but it wouldn't come out as words; it was a speechless mumble. He wet his lips and tried again. "I've never heard anyone talk like that." He lay relaxed, looking at the curves and petals in their oval of light.

The overhead lights came on, not at all harshly, and the woman's hand descended on his shoulder, carrying the clear message: *You needn't move*; not *Don't*—just *You needn't*, a message so clear and strong that he did not even start, even when Apricot's clear, cool voice said, "Let's eat!"

He glanced up. Apricot and the dark-haired girl Pam were pushing a wheeled table toward the bed. They were both naked and completely at ease in their nudity. Apricot moved around in front of the table (from which fragrances emanated that made his salivaries squirt).

"Let's eat."

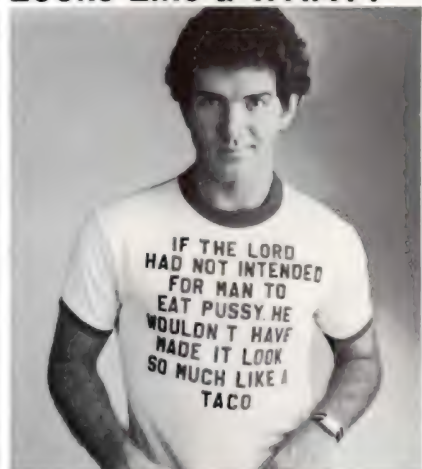
He sat up, and he was ravenous. Fluffy yellow omelets, stuffed with mushrooms and with an incredible orange sauce; a pyramid of filet mignon in little cubes, quite raw, and tender as a serenade; a dark bread, obviously home-made, with an elusive smoky overflavor; four kinds of cheese, passion fruit and (of course) apricot nectars, a green tea and a wonderful black coffee. "Lord! you can cook!"

"We didn't do this one; it was Rorie. She'll be along in a minute."

"Rorie. She's the one with the, ah—"

"The fuzzhead. That's right. And your latest conquest there is Rietta.

Looks Like a WHAT?



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She's our resident God-freak."

To his surprise, Mr. Michaelmas felt mildly defensive.

"I don't think she's any kind of a freak."

"Well, bless your thing!" cried Rietta, and kissed his ear.

Mr. Michaelmas felt himself flushing with pleasure. He was amazed.

Rorie, the one with the halo of pale, fine hair, appeared, a girl so perfectly proportioned and so graceful in her carriage and movements that it was easy to notice, last of all, that she was over six feet tall.

"Mr. Michaelmas says, if you could marry, he'd cook you," said Pam.

"Well, thank you," said Rorie graciously, and sat on the edge of the big bed, looking at him with frank and open liking.

They ate companionably and, without being fussy about it, they all saw that Mr. Michaelmas had everything he wanted a second or two before he knew he wanted it, while good talk rolled and swirled about the group. He learned that Pam was a registered nurse with a degree in biochemistry, that Rietta ("It used to be Henrietta, but women's lib got that far into my name. A hen I ain't.") had an M.D. and that Rorie—Aurora—was a pharmacist.

"I'm a high-school dropout," said Apricot, "with a libido I insist is normal and maybe a little more *chutzpah* than most. I rounded up these three in the same hospital."

"It was a veterans' hospital," said Rietta. "Apricot blew in one day to visit her girlfriend's boyfriend who'd lost an argument with a grenade."

"He was a double amputee with half a face," said Apricot, "and nobody was lining up on both sides of the street, cheering like they did when he marched off to war. Hardly anybody ever drops in to chat with those guys, and when they do, they take care of their brains or their boredom or their immortal souls, but pay damn little attention to their gonads. A lot of them, there's nothing wrong with their gonads. So, well," she shrugged, "I did something about it."

"Did she ever," said Rorie admiringly. "She recruited a whole detachment of us. Next thing you know there were flying squads of us visiting hospitals all over."

"You mean they—you..." Four nodding heads answered him. "What about the administration?"

"We're not stupid," said Rietta, "and don't forget—we know the rules. Mostly, administration didn't know what was going on, which is SOP for administration everywhere. Once in a while there was a ripple, but we found most of 'em willing to look the other way as long as we could assure them that they wouldn't

have to take any heat. It worked beautifully, right up until—"

"Never mind the details," Apricot said quickly, and then laughed. "Let's just say we ran up against a front-office type with a small mind and desiccated scrotum who apparently felt that decency, morality and frustration were the proper environment for his veterans. We saw it coming and quietly removed him. We gave him a full treatment and put him back where we found him, and to this day he's got as happy a population as you can find in any hospital—which is never very."

"Our first case," said Aurora, smiling reminiscently.

Case? Am I a "case"? Mr. Michaelmas looked around him at the four relaxed, pleasantly smiling women, and past them at the room.

Timeless. Large, carpeted in neutral gray with a warm blush to it, and the walls were draped—all of them. No sign of windows; there must have been doors, because the women came and went, but from where he sat on the huge square bed, there was no way of telling where a door might have been. None of the girls wore watches; the light was artificial; there was no radio, no TV.

Timeless.

Abruptly, he demanded, "How long have I been here?"

Pam looked at him searchingly. Rorie

uncrossed her long legs. Apricot looked across him at Rietta and asked, "How long would you say?"

Rietta looked pensively at the ceiling for a moment. "Fifty, 55 minutes maybe."

Mr. Michaelmas looked at each in turn, and got smiles. "I don't know what you mean," he said levelly.

"I mean 50 minutes or so in the Country of Afterward," said Rietta. "Nothing else matters here."

"Well, goddamnit, it matters to me!"

"I really don't like that kind of talk," said Rietta. Clearly, she meant it. "I guess he's out."

"Seems so," said Rorie, rising like a swift flower in stop-motion; and the next thing Mr. Michaelmas knew he was hit in four complex ways from four directions, and sank under a choreographed tangle of soft, strong, skilled limbs and torsos.

In the next timeless time, two things utterly astonished Mr. Michaelmas. The first was that after a few minutes of intense battle, *he laughed*. Mr. Michaelmas laughed! A great peal of unexpected, uncontrollable laughter, coming from a place where no real laughter had lived for years!

The other thing was that, one way or another, he brought off all four women. The ways, and the other ways, cascaded over him, presented themselves, de-



manded themselves, created their own hungers and urgent demands.

Then his own incredible peak and eruption flung him away into sleep.

He awoke alone and, realizing it, felt a vague sense of pique, of abandonment. He moved, and was aware of the warmth of the bed beside him, and understood that he hadn't been alone after all; that probably he had awakened because she had silently slipped away. (She? Which she?) Now he came all the way awake and sat up. He was more alert than he had yet been, here—almost normally so. To be awake, and alone, was something of a novelty in this cave of novelties.

He slipped off the bed and felt pleasure as his bare feet took his weight. The carpeting was resilient, crisply but pleasantly tickling. He moved silently to the draped wall and put his hand against it, pressed, felt nothing back of it but a solid surface. He paused, then, hand over hand, he felt his way all around the room; there had to be an opening, a door, somewhere. And, of course, he found one.

The bathroom.

The light came on automatically as he passed through the just-overlapping drape. Not quite angry, not quite laughing at himself, and commanded by his bladder more than by his brain, he used the bathroom "now that I'm here." And

as he emerged, "Wouldn't you know..." he said ruefully, for there on the edge of the bed sat the long-limbed Aurora, wheeled table alongside, pouring coffee. Not for the first time he was struck by her beauty: How could anyone that tall be so perfect? The cup, the saucer, the coffeepot seemed like doll furniture in her long, tapered hands. She smiled at him, set down the coffee, and rose to meet him halfway, put her arms around him, pressed him to her wonderful body, held him, released him. "I'm glad you're still here," she said.

"Where else would I be?"

"Wherever it is you go when you leave—"

"I know. I know. 'The Country of Afterward.' When are you going to give me a straight answer about that?" And he felt a flick of astonishment on hearing himself, for though the words were those of the crabby and testy Michaelmas, the tone was, for him, something new. The cutting edge wasn't there. Rorie captured his eyes with hers for a moment; her face flicked from profound seriousness to a radiant smile, as if she had found something she had hoped for. "That's exactly why I came in just now—to give you answers. Come sit by me."

They perched together on the edge of the huge bed. The table was a vase, the food a bouquet: yellow rice, tiny green

peas, scarlet pimentos, orange-pink lobster meat, blue-black mussels, white chicken, mother-of-pearl inside the just-burst, juicy clams.

"I'll tell you a story," said Rorie, around and between her food. "Maybe you've read it, maybe you know it, but let me tell you anyway, because I have a point to make.

"It's in Victor Hugo's big novel *Les Misérables*, and it's one of the finest pieces of writing anywhere in this world. It deals with a sailing ship, a French naval vessel and a terrible storm. The ship had a weather deck, and right under it the gun deck, where the cannons were kept. They were tied down behind the gunports, ready to be run out and used in battle. Big brass cannons, you know, on wheels.

"Well, in the storm one of the cannons got loose, and I'm sorry I don't have the book with me to read you that part; you'd never forget it; you'd think you'd been there. As the ship rolled and plunged in the storm, the cannon was like something alive and crazy, charging up and down and across, smashing into the bulkheads, splitting the timbers of the ship's sides, bearing down on crewmen trying to find some way to stop it. It began to look as if that berserk cannon was going to sink the ship and kill everybody.

"Then a young gunnery officer snatched up a long ramrod and ran out to the middle of the gun deck. He was like a dancer, a matador, a prizefighter all at once; and he dodged, and he spun, and he ducked this crazy cannon as it ran at him until he saw his chance, and then he dove under it and shoved the ramrod into the wheel spokes, stopping the thing in its tracks until the crew could get ropes on it and tie it down.

"Want some more lobster?"

Mr. Michaelmas, munching and agog at the thrum of her voice, shook his head.

She went on:

"Late the next day when the sea was calm, the captain called up the whole crew on the main deck. He and his officers were in full dress. He had the gunnery officer come up front and center, and he came down with a medal on a chain, and he decorated the officer and kissed him on both cheeks, the way they do in the French military to this day.

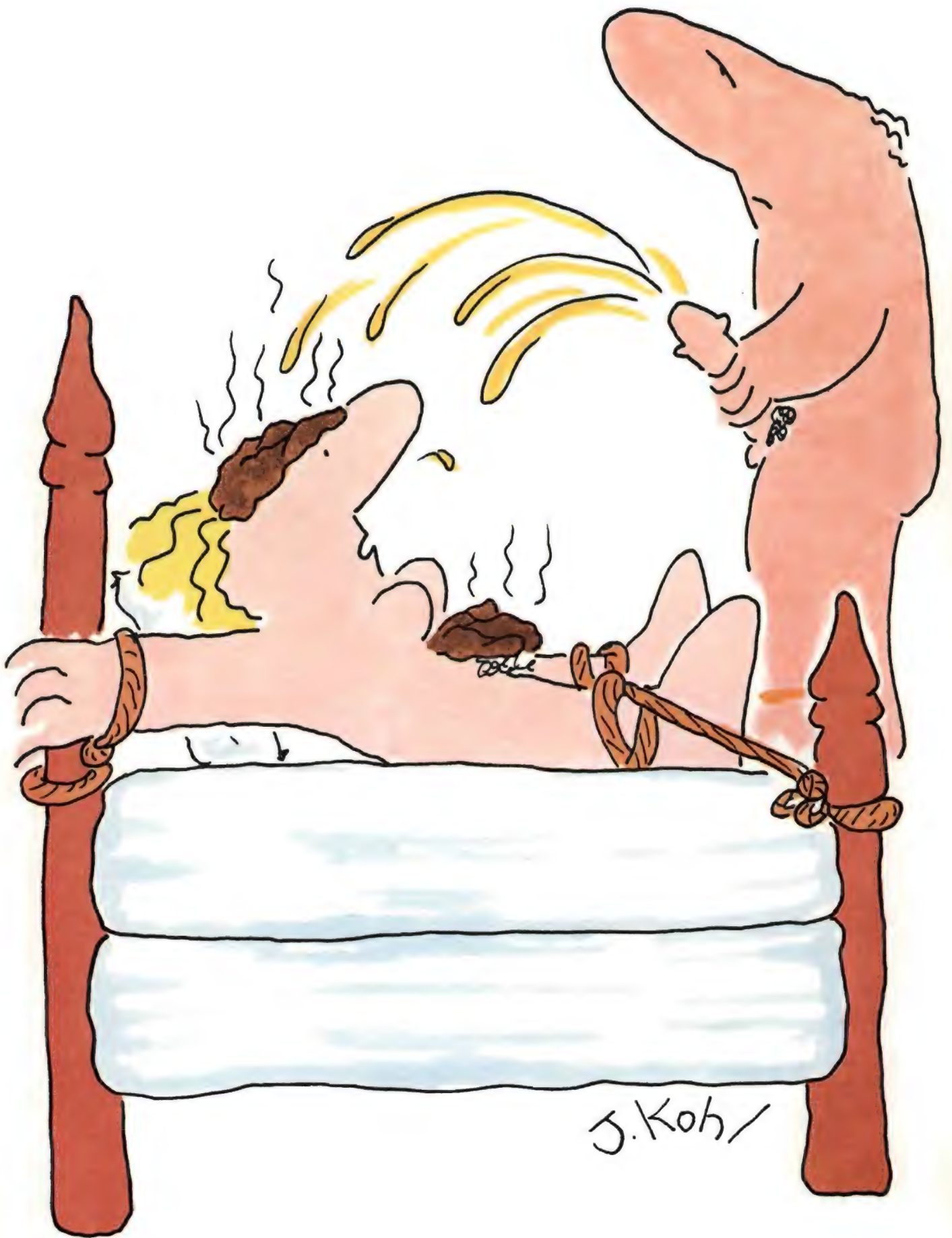
Then he went back up on the high poop deck and called down a question, 'Now which man is responsible for that cannon getting loose?'

"And the hero with the shiny decoration on his chest, proud and honest, answered, 'I was, sir.'

"Then the captain called up the



STRATTON



"Will you still disrespect me in the morning?"

sergeant of marines. 'Sergeant,' he said, 'take that man, and a squad, up to the foredeck and shoot him.'

"And they did."

Mr. Michaelmas took a while to realize he had stopped chewing. This lady really knew how to tell a story.

"That's one part of what I have to tell you," Aurora said. "Push it aside—" (she pushed his plate aside as she said this, and replaced it with a dessert, a whipped and shaped mound of something with real flower petals in it) "—and let me give you another part. They'll all come together. You'll see."

He started to respond, then gave it up. He was beginning to learn (relearn?) that things could happen without his having to make them happen.

The tall girl lay down and rolled over on her stomach, and propped herself up on her elbows. "That Apricot," she said fondly, "she's crazy, you know, but she's also some kind of a saint. And she—well, she just doesn't *think* like other people. The veterans'-hospital bit was only the beginning. Want some more coffee?"

"I'll get it," said Mr. Michaelmas. "Go on."

"She read an article in an old magazine one day. It was a very funny bit, written during one of America's so-called 'police actions' against Communists. This writer had gotten hold of a

newspaper story about how much money it cost to kill one of the enemy. He multiplied this by the total body count to date, and came up with a huge figure, which he said would be enough to buy a villa on the Riviera for every family of five in the entire enemy country. He said this would do two things: It would stop the killing, and it would knock the hell out of communism."

They laughed together. Aurora said, "That's funny, and it's sharp, but it set Apricot to thinking: Here was an alternative to war, ridiculous as it was. She'd never wondered before if there could be alternatives—who does?"

"And that led her to wonder how it was, if there were alternatives, the final choice always seemed to be mass killing. What bothered her most was that in a war a country always screens out the strongest, the quickest, the smartest young men that can be found and sends them out to get their heads blown off."

"And she thought, who makes these decisions? Almost always, old men. 'Old' didn't have to mean years; 'old' means with all the juices dried up. 'Old' means (whether or not they know it themselves) that they hate the young just for being young; they are jealous, envious and angry. It's nothing new, you know. The old bulls are always afraid of the young ones coming up. This kind of thing was around before

humanity was out of the trees.

"Now here's crazy Apricot deciding to do something about it. If the old ones are sitting safe in front of their acres of polished mahogany, sending the young ones to die with a stroke of their ball-point pen, then, says Apricot, let us find a way to put the juice back into them. Because she believes that a good little man is as good as a good big man, and a good old man is as good as a good young one. Sometimes better," she added, smiling and reaching to stroke Mr. Michaelmas's thigh.

"Now," she said, "*you*. Some men collect companies to make conglomerates. You've been collecting conglomerates. I don't know why—you certainly don't need the money, and you've proved yourself over and over; I don't understand it, and I won't try. But I won't fault you for it. It's your thing, and it's what you have to do."

"But in doing it you became a gold-plated bastard. You got so you didn't care how many faces you walked on with your climbing cleats on, and then you got so you enjoyed it. You especially enjoyed crunching young people, young enterprise, young ideas."

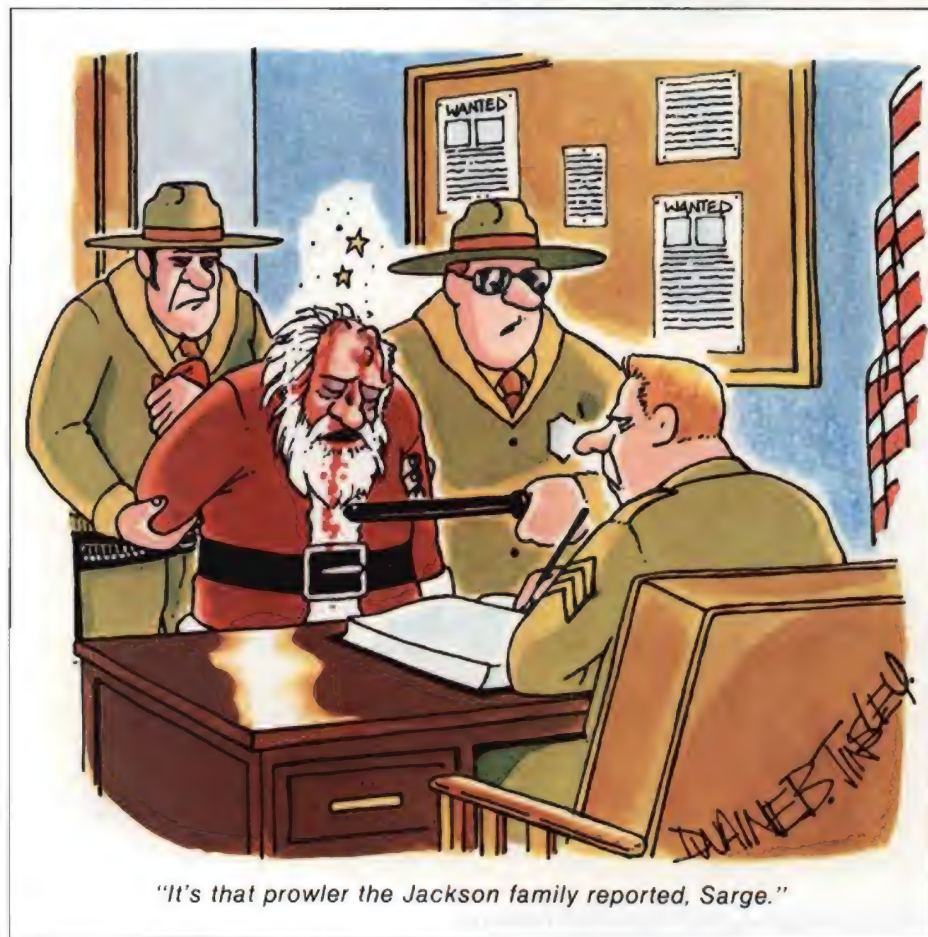
"Now, just a damn minute—"

Aurora raised a finger, overriding him. "I'm reading from the record, Mr. Michaelmas. We've planned this for you for a long time. And I'm not saying what you are," she added. "I'm saying what you have been." She rose up on the bed and came to him, pressing him back with one hand while the other sought his groin. "Your juices are running again. You've been fed and rested and tuned up, and you've been balled to the point where you had all the pleasure you could handle and *have started to give it back*. You know what you did for the four of us. Stiff or limp, fingers, mouth or whatever, you looked out for us all; you wouldn't quit until you were sure."

"And that's what the Country of Afterward is all about, Mr. Michaelmas. You take off your clothes to have sex, right? Well, good sex takes off your gender—do you see what I'm saying? It's the one time when human beings have the chance to meet each other without the old chase, without game-playing and manipulating and tit-grabbing. And it's the one time when a lot of people—I'm sorry to say, mostly men—roll over and go to sleep, leaving the other—usually the women—depressed, even crying, and not knowing why."

Mr. Michaelmas felt very strange. Aurora's lovely face and brilliant eyes seemed to be coming into sharper and sharper focus, while the rest of the room seemed to be fuzzing out. *What's the matter with me?*

To his astonishment, Aurora put two



"It's that prowler the Jackson family reported, Sarge."

fingers in her mouth and produced a short, piercing whistle. Somewhere behind her the drapes billowed, and they all came in—Rietta, Pam, Apricot. He could not move... and the hand moving in his groin was exquisite. "Must've been something I ate," he mumbled.

"Sure it was," said Aurora. Her face, her eyes, moved closer; her voice soft and strong, drove into him. "When anybody, young or old, starts showing the signs of being the kind of bastard you were before you came here, you remember that you're the captain. You're going to find a phone number in your side jacket pocket (when you have a side jacket pocket). You're the captain," she said again, "and you will call that number, but you won't say 'Take that man out and shoot him.' You will say 'Take that man out and fuck him.' And if, when he comes back, he still acts like a bastard, you will call again and say 'Take that man out and fuck him again'—which, you will agree, is better than having to shoot him again. Mr. Michaelmas, we are going after bastard captains in government and industry, and we won't stop until the juices are flowing again all through the summit."

Apricot vaulted lithely to the bed behind him; lifted his head, put it in her lap. Rietta fitted her strong body to his; Pam flung her dark silk over his torso and smoothed his chest with her cheek. No one hurried. Gently, sensation rose without pausing at any plateau, rose and peaked and gently overflowed, and he fell asleep in the Country of Afterward.

Mid-morning. Autumn. Warm. A laughing wind. Traffic. Voices. Mr. Michaelmas opened his eyes; whatever it was that had blacked him out left him with a click. He felt fine, and more alert than he had been in years. He looked across a small park at the front of his own office building.

"Jesus Christ! Mr. Michaelmas!"

"Wrong on the first, right on the second. Hello, Joe."

Joe Flagg dropped down on the bench next to him. "I got your message that you were out here. Someone phoned. Where were you? I began to think you were *never* coming back. I even thought you'd been kidnapped, but nobody ever—"

"Been minding the store?"

"I've done the best I could, Mr. Michaelmas. Well, what I did, I tried to do everything the way you would."

"Did you, now?"

Flagg began excitedly to recite what he had done. It went on while they crossed the park, crossed the street, crossed the lobby: foreclose, acquire, outbid, outplay. Freeze, force, pull the

rug. Various, men squealed, ran, turned pale, you should've seen his face when I. By the time they entered the elevator, Flagg had almost run down. Mr. Michaelmas interrupted the last punch line of corporate triumph with "You've turned into a gold-plated bastard, Flagg."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot."

Well, thought Mr. Michaelmas, *he's had a good teacher*. They entered his private office from the back corridor; a gamut of astonished staff was a thing he was not prepared to run. Mr. Michaelmas dropped into his familiar old chair. The convolutions of the old leather seat did not exactly fit his buttocks as they had. Well, of course: Flagg had been using it. He looked up at his Number Two Man, who was (a little nervously) picking up things from the desk: a picture, a file of papers, a little clock. "Get this stuff out of your way... You want me now?"

"Not now."

Flagg backed out. *Backed out*. Was he in the presence of royalty, or did he expect to be shot if he turned around?

Mr. Michaelmas stretched. He felt just fine. He put his hands in his pockets, found his wallet, keys. A card with a phone number. He dialed.

Two rings. 'Afterward.' An answering machine.

He said, "This is Michaelmas. Tell Apricot the gunnery officer is Joseph Flagg."

Clopclick, and a voice: *This was no machine saying excitedly, "Mike! Oh, Mike, I hoped it was you! This is Apricot."*

He felt, suddenly, like a blushing high-school kid. "Apricot... Apricot, am I ever going to see you again?"

"You just name it. You really are wonderful, you know."

"Really?"

"Honest to really, Mike."

So he made the date. Then he buzzed Flagg.

"Get in here."

Flagg appeared, his face carefully composed, but his hands holding his hands very hard.

Mr. Michaelmas detached his gold key from the bunch and slid it across the desk. "Have one of these made for yourself. And call me Mike."

He thought Joe Flagg was going to cry. "Yes, sir, Mr. Michaelmas. Thank you, Mr. Michaelmas." He backed out.

Mike, Mr. Michaelmas told himself, feeling the juices run within him, *you really are wonderful, you know. Honest to really*. He leaned back and stretched, feeling the old leather molding again to fit his body, and fell to thinking about his date, and afterward.



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CAPTAIN CRUNCH—Electronic guerrilla John Draper helped devise a gadget that shut off Santa Barbara, California, from telephone communication with the outside world for more than an hour and disrupted Ma Bell's most sophisticated computers. A preview of crime in the 21st century. By HUSTLER Articles Editor Zbigniew Kindela.

TWINS—Death knocks on a salesman's door when he tries to fuck two bizarre sisters at the same time. While he's humping one girl, what's her demented twin doing behind his back? Fiction by Roy Campbell.

PHOTO-FEATURES—Will the mystery guest sign in, please? In an exclusive pictorial, HUSTLER gets its hands on a top TV and film celebrity—who bares all, including two 38s she's concealed until now. If you like this bombshell on prime time, you'll love her in HUSTLER. Next, a young couple celebrates Valentine's Day in the shower—Dial's soap



commercials were never like this. Then a luscious animal trainer gets more than she bargains for when she steps into the cage with Primal Man. And Michele, our pink-hot Parisian Honey, spreads joy in our Valentine centerfold.



PLUS—Facts, fantasies, humor and comment in ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX PLAY, KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK and BEAVER HUNT.



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